

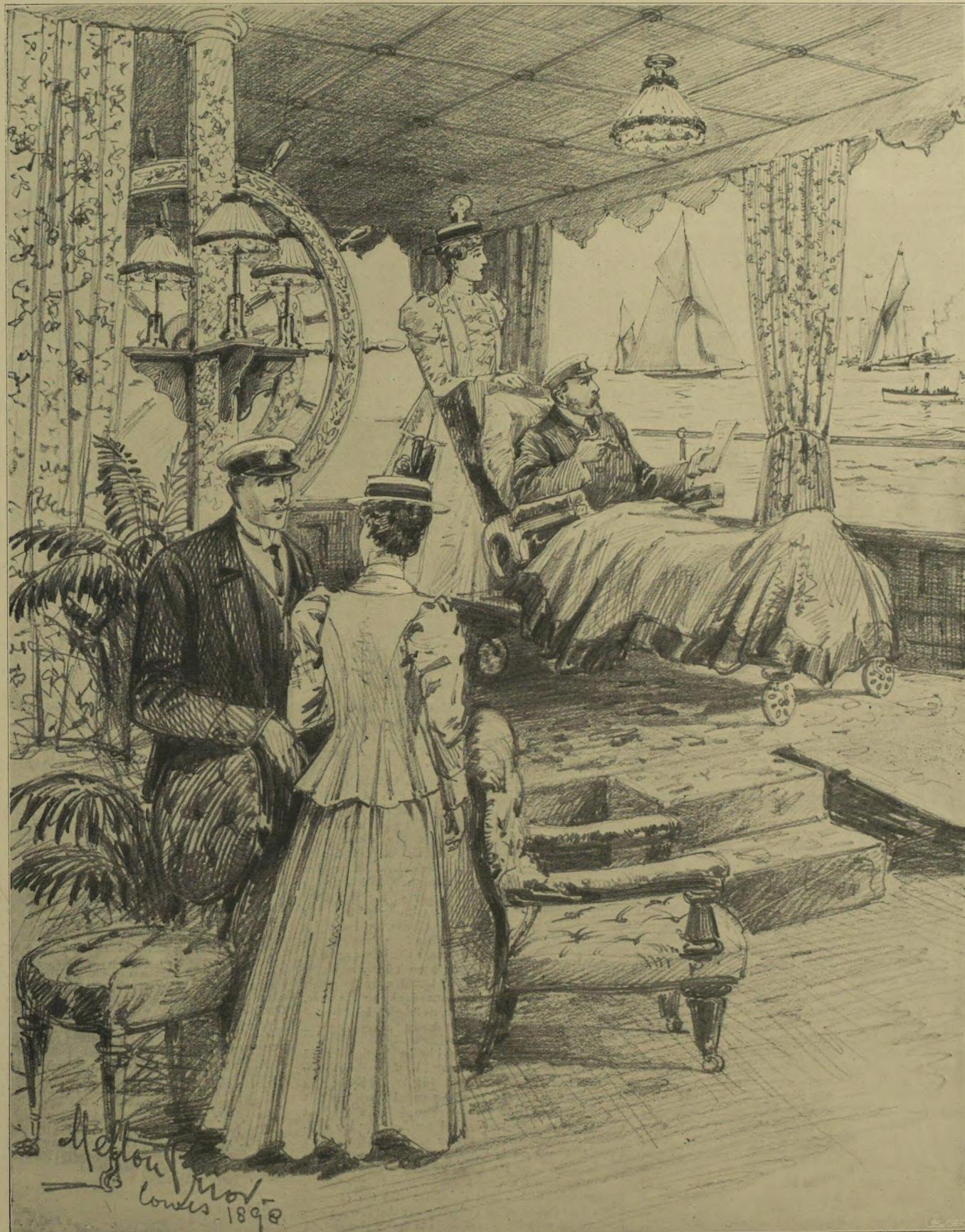
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WITH SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK **By Post, 6d.**



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WATCHING THE RACING AT COWES FROM THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A lady who writes in one of the reviews is keenly interested in the teaching of manners. She wants to see children instructed not only in the average usages of civilised society, the correct utility of the knife at meals, the proper adjustment of the table-napkin, and so forth, but also in the subtler arts which prevent us from capping our neighbour's best story or diverting attention from his favourite ailments to our own. She describes with feeling the unhappy results of that personal bias which makes you strike the wrong note in conversation or allow your eyes to wander from the face of the person who is claiming your attention. You meet an acquaintance who extends his hand. As you take it, you turn your head to wing a shaft of railing at an agreeable feminine friend who happens to be passing. In that moment the acquaintance determines not to ask you to the dinner where you would meet the long-sought capitalist who would embrace your scheme for a new journal which is to combine all the graces of culture with an infallible stimulus to popular curiosity. Just as an old lady with an immense fortune, which she is ready to leave to an unobtrusive and accomplished man, is detailing the injurious effects of our variable climate upon her nervous system, you have an evil inspiration to look out of the window. For one critical instant that fortune was in your hands, and you have unconsciously thrown it away! But suppose you had been trained from childhood to look into the eyes of old ladies with respectful sympathy, and to hold acquaintances by the hand as if their greeting were your heart's desire, would you now be haunted by the reproachful shades of lost opportunities?

The trouble is that youth is a most unfavourable period for this kind of education. "Let the young man be taught not to lay down the law," says the reforming lady in the reviews. Unhappily, he lays down the law precisely because he is a young man. Youth would not be youth if he were compelled to bottle up this precious assurance that he has caught the full meaning of life at the first contact. How is a small boy to understand that his mind must not be distracted by that fragment of butterscotch which chances to be so perversely adhesive to the lining of his pocket just when the maiden aunt (from whom his family have expectations) is putting him through an elementary examination in divinity? Sometimes, no doubt, you meet a child who has an extraordinary instinct for the proprieties. Last week I made the acquaintance of this prodigy near a cottage-door close to Reading, where there had been a Parliamentary election. His solemn gaze disposed me to inquire, and I said, "Well, Tommy, what class are you in?" "E—eh?" he drawled in a slow Oxfordshire accent. "Are you in the first class?" "Ye—es." "Are you at the top of the first class?" "E—oh?" I repeated the question. "Ye—es." "Who won the election yesterday?" "E—eh?" "Who won the election?" "Teacher." Now here was a perfect model of social finesse. Tommy was not top of the first class, but he felt that this was expected of him, and he acquiesced politely in the suggestion. He had not the ghost of a notion about the winner of the election, but he knew that "teacher" was most worthy of that or any other earthly distinction. Such a genius for the art of pleasing and for the recognition of legitimate authority ought to make that boy's life a brilliant success.

But what agonies are suffered by the "grown-ups," to whom this branch of manners does not come by nature! Somebody has been complaining of the tyranny of that dreaded social function, the afternoon call. Men are rarely induced to face this ordeal. You enter a drawing-room and perceive beautiful ladies sitting in a row, and a man or two partially hidden by the window-curtains. Ever and anon the hostess pounces on one of these secluded beings, drags him into the middle of the room, and sets him to talk, not to a beautiful lady, but to some elderly matron whose views about everything, from the ideal shape of pin-cushions to the origin of the Pyramids, are hostile to his own. Dimly he conceives this strategy to mean that the beautiful ladies are there to be looked at: they grace the occasion with charming poses and wonderful toilettes; you do not talk to them, any more than you talk to the shapely nymphs who adorn the basin of a fountain. The fountain plays, the nymphs are mute. But you are to talk to the elderly matron because she must be amused and conciliated; she is the fairy who may go off in a huff, and cast malignant spells upon that household and its social ambitions; so you must listen to her and politely acquiesce, like Tommy at the cottage-door. Naturally, not one man in a thousand is equal to this emergency. The greatest diplomats have been known to flee from it; and the average citizen who receives cards inscribed "At Home 4 to 7" puts them on his mantelpiece among the photographs of frozen friendships and extinct grand passions, and spends the fateful hours between four and seven in the impregnable asylum of his club!

I have sometimes thought that in the social crisis which often discomfits the best of men, he may be haunted by the spirits of the offended dead. On that very floor, perhaps,

in years gone by, he said the wrong thing to some aged personage full of rheumatic distinction. As the lady I have quoted justly says, a man with a chronic ailment craves for sympathy, not for information about the ailments of others. If he endures sleepless nights with rheumatism in one shoulder, he does not want to listen to a sufferer whose nights are enlivened by the capricious tormentor in both shoulders, and an occasional twinge in the muscles of the back. He may conceive a rooted enmity to that person, and when he is dead he may encourage his rival's distressing egoism by whispering in his ear, after the manner of malevolent spirits, "That fellow over there is a boastful rheumatic who rubs one shoulder. Tell him that both your shoulders start a spasmodic duel at three in the morning, and that your back joins in at a quarter past!" Thus the passion of jealousy is stimulated by the revengeful unseen. I am glad to find this theory supported by the *Spectator*, which affirms that we are surrounded by spiritual enemies who goad us into mischief and misfortune. This accounts, says the *Spectator*, for "demoniacal possession," and anyone can see that it is an easy step to believe in witchcraft, wrongly supposed to have been quenched among the intelligent for quite a century.

There was a debate at the Hardwicke Society lately on crime, and one barrister startled the company by proposing that the punishment of criminals should be abolished. This gentleman, I am told, is of a wayward disposition, and his friends regarded his argument as a piece of harmless eccentricity. The abolition of penalties for the criminal would throw a great number of deserving lawyers out of employment, and it was thought incredible that a member of the Hardwicke Society should seriously wish to deprive many of his fellows of their daily bread, to say nothing of that pride which is so becoming in the barrister who saves his client from the gallows. But does not the *Spectator*'s theory suggest that the orator at the Hardwicke may have been prompted by the spirits of bygone burglars and homicides to protest against the judicial system which gave them such an ill time when they were alive? What would be the natural impulse of his unfortunate clients, whose necks he had failed to keep out of the noose, when they started on a disembodied existence which robbed them, indeed, of the old delights, but enabled them to frequent the Central Criminal Court without being penned in the dock, and to sit at the judge's elbow and jeer at his notes? I have no doubt that they flocked to the Hardwicke on that memorable evening, applauded their eloquent advocate, and listened with disgust to the Chinese Minister who appeared as the champion of the turnkey and the hangman. Why was he not haunted by the victims of Chinese justice? Here, I admit, the philosophy of the *Spectator* is complicated by the traditions of the Far East; for, as the Chinese worship their ancestors, I presume that the Minister was protected at the Hardwicke by a phalanx of his virtuous forefathers. Moreover, you must remember that some Chinamen suffer the extreme penalty of the law, not as offenders, but as substitutes, owing to the pleasing custom which permits a condemned man to pay another citizen to take his place. So the viewless pitfalls of dead substitutes waved over the Minister's head, and shaped his argument to the maintenance of a strange but profitable branch of Chinese commerce!

The more you ponder this idea, the wider grows the application. We were all amazed recently by the publication of a despatch from our Minister at Peking, with which were dexterously incorporated some ungrammatical reflections on Sir Claude MacDonald's grammar. Who was responsible for this thing? Who but the spirit of some dead and forgotten official, with a deathless though imperfectly educated resentment against Foreign Office English? Again, I take up a meritorious periodical for women, in which the editor gives wholesome advice to troubled applicants, and I read this singular information: "Bewildered Jane has too many clothes." Why on earth should Jane be oppressed by the extent and variety of her wardrobe? Did any woman ever suffer such a calamity before? The editor, whose patience and discrimination leave me breathless, proceeds to select clothes from Jane's superfluity—a "dressy" afternoon gown, a silk blouse or two—so that the unfortunate owner of too much finery may wear these garments in peace, having locked away the rest in cupboards which will be opened some day by her executors. I have an amended vision of Jane, no longer "bewildered," smiling with serene calm in the "dressy" afternoon gown.

But why was she ever possessed by the idea that she had too many clothes? Was it suggested by the envious spirits of bosom friends, now deceased? Did it uplift her hair, as Macbeth would say, and make her seated heart knock at her ribs, to think that, with all these clothes, she did not know what to wear, what suited her figure or her complexion? As she stood at her glass, did the unseen tormentor murmur in her ear, "Silly Jane, you look a guy in that!" or "For goodness' sake, child, find somebody who knows a decent dressmaker!" I offer no positive opinion, but it is significant that the editor to whom Jane turned in her extremity saw that it was a case for the most explicit instructions as to the number and the character of the gowns in which Jane might sit clothed and in her right mind.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, was visited last week by the Archduchess Stéphanie, Crown Princess of Austria, with her daughter, the Archduchess Elizabeth; the Duke and Duchess of Sparta were also her Majesty's guests. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen on Friday before leaving England to join the Anglo-Egyptian Army in the Soudan. On Saturday the Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, arrived at Osborne House, and the Bishop of Ripon, who performed divine service in the chapel on Sunday. The Duke of York, whose ship, H.M.S. *Crescent*, has rejoined the fleet at Spithead, also visited the Prince of Wales on Sunday morning. Princess Louise, Murchioness of Lorne, visited the Queen and the Prince of Wales on Monday. Prince Nicholas and Princess Marie of Greece, and Princess Arisbert of Anhalt, have been visiting her Majesty at Osborne. Shortly before eight o'clock on Tuesday evening H.R.H. the Princess of Wales made a hurried departure for Denmark, having received the distressing news that the Queen of Denmark was seriously ill.

The Lord Mayor of London on Friday presided at the distribution of prizes to the students of the City of London School.

Mr. Goschen last week received a deputation of the British Empire League, introduced by Lord Brassey, to urge the enrolment of Colonial seamen in the Royal Naval Reserve. He expressed an opinion favourable to this object, provided the Colonies be willing to pay the expenses of training their seamen. In the House of Commons, before passing the Mercantile Marine Fund Bill, Mr. Ritchie inserted a clause granting remission of a part of the light-house dues to vessels carrying boy sailors available for the Royal Naval Reserve.

The British Medical Association, before closing last week its meeting at Edinburgh, discussed the Government Vaccination Bill in its Public Health Section, and passed a resolution in favour of withdrawing that Bill, and introducing one more effective to render vaccination compulsory, next Session.

The candidates in the election for Great Grimsby were nominated on Saturday: Alderman George Doughty, late the Liberal M.P., having decided to oppose Irish Home Rule, and resigning his seat thereupon, stood as a Liberal Unionist; Mr. Robert Melhuish as a Conservative; and Mr. T. Winteringham as a Liberal. The polling was on Tuesday, and resulted in the return of Mr. Doughty, with 4940 votes; Mr. Winteringham polling 3189, and Mr. Melhuish 204.

A letter has been addressed by the Pope to the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in Scotland, exhorting and encouraging the ministers and members of that Church to continue their work in faith and hope of satisfactory religious effects.

The man John Trodd, a shoemaker, of Lambeth, who shot at Count Aero Valley, First Secretary to the German Embassy, at the door of the official residence in Carlton House Terrace, has been found insane at the Central Criminal Court. Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, is, happily, recovering from the wounds he received last week—three bullets in his neck—shot by William Taylor, the bailiff of the court, whom he had deprived of office for practising extortion.

Foreign political discussion in these summer vacation days is chiefly retrospective, historical, or biographical, concerning the deeds and character of the late Prince Bismarck. The Emperor William returned from Norway on Monday. He desires to make Bismarck's funeral a grand German national function. The wedding of Duke Ernst Günther of Schleswig-Holstein at Coburg was attended by most of the Imperial Court.

Paris is still consuming the dregs of the Dreyfus military scandal. M. Emile Zola, who had disappeared from France pending his legal appeal against the sentence of fine and imprisonment for libel, has turned up in Norway, as a visitor to Bjornsterne Bjornson.

The King and Crown Prince of Roumania, after visiting the Czar at Peterhof, and the tombs of the Russian Emperors at St. Petersburg, were at Moscow on Monday, on their way home to Odessa.

On the north-west frontier of India, the Nawab of Dir, an ally of the British Government in the Chitral and Mohmand Campaigns, has invaded Bajaur, one of the adjacent native States recently hostile to our Empire, and is fighting in aid of a claimant of that principality against the chief or Khan in actual possession. Major Deane, the British Inspector of Levies, is endeavouring to arrange a peace.

Diplomatic intrigues and rivalries of influence at Peking between the British, Russian, and French Ambassadors with reference to Chinese Government concessions for railway construction still excite a feeling of uneasiness in the Far Eastern prospect. Russia is strongly fortifying Port Arthur, which has a garrison of twenty-two thousand troops, and is adding to her naval squadron. The Chinese Government has defeated the rebels in the province of Kwang-Si.

A disaster has occurred to the French West African Administration by the massacre of Captain Cassemajou, with his interpreter and the soldiers of his escort, from Senegal, in the interior between the Upper Niger and Lake Chad.

The forces of the British East Africa Protectorate of Uganda, under command of Major Martyr, have had a severe conflict at Mruuli with the revolted Nubian soldiery who turned against Major Macdonald. Forty-three of the Indian troops were killed or wounded in the most recent fight. There is a revolt also of the Somalis at Kisimayu.

The trial of a German calling himself Von Veltheim, in South Africa, for shooting Mr. Woolf Joel, a nephew of the late Mr. Barnato, at Johannesburg, has resulted in his acquittal of wilful murder; but he is expelled from the Transvaal State.



THE COWES REGATTA: OFF THE WARNER LIGHT-SHIP.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE ON SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 30: ROYAL SALUTE BY H.M.S. "CRESCENT," CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF YORK.

This picture shows the new pavilion on board the "Osborne" specially constructed for the Prince during his illness. All the yachts dipped their flags as the royal yacht passed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES.

On Saturday, July 30, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had so far recovered from his recent serious accident as to be able to bear removal from Marlborough House to Cowes. Shortly before three o'clock the Prince was carried on a couch to an ambulance carriage. The couch had been specially made by Mr. John Carter, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, and was a very strong and comfortable appliance. By request, Mr. Carter had visited Portsmouth and instructed the sailors of the royal yacht *Osborne* in the best method of carrying the couch. The difficult task of moving the illustrious patient had been thoroughly rehearsed and was accomplished with perfect success. Accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, Prince Nicholas and Princess Marie of Greece, the Prince of Wales proceeded to Paddington Station. The Prince was evidently in excellent spirits, and waved a cheery salutation to the members of the household assembled to witness his departure. To the greeting of the crowd in Pall Mall and along the route his Royal Highness also responded pleasantly. The railway journey was swift and easy, the train arriving at

and to windward, the principal match of the day being won by the *Bona*, belonging to the Duke of the Abruzzi. The *Ailesa* was her most formidable opponent. For the match open to all yachts exceeding 55 feet and not exceeding 68 feet, five boats entered. These were the *Kommodore*, *Tutty*, *Senta*, *Isolde*, and *Astrid*. The fleet started prettily and went away in close company, with a strong weather tide to Lepo buoy. *Astrid* weathered the mark first. Finally *Senta* worked away in capital style and won, her time being 3 hours, 57 min., 59 sec. The course was from Cowes Roads round the Warner light-ship, then back to westward round the west Lepo buoy and return to Cowes twice round. On Tuesday the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta opened under entirely favourable conditions of wind and weather. The event of the day was the race for her Majesty's Cup, which proved an exciting and splendid contest. The trophy fell to the *Betty*, owned by Mr. John Gretton, jun., M.E. A fine finish was witnessed between the *Betty* and *Satanita*. The *Satanita* sailed in yawl rig.

NORWICH PUBLIC LIBRARY DESTROYED.

On the morning of Aug. 1 a disastrous fire broke out in a rope-walk at Norwich, and did much damage to property. At four o'clock a.m. premises in a narrow lane called Dove

real opposition. Only a few shots were fired by retreating detachments of guards. Those places are on the south side of the island, which is about one hundred miles long and fifty miles broad; the capital city, San Juan, more or less fortified with a Spanish military garrison of seven thousand men, is at the north-eastern point, but would scarcely be capable of resisting a combined attack by land and sea forces. Reinforcements of invading troops are now being sent direct from the United States, not from General Shafter's army in Eastern Cuba; but all these operations remain under the direction of General Miles, as Commander-in-Chief. It is intended to withdraw the greater portion of General Shafter's troops, bringing them home to Long Island, for the sake of their health, as over seven thousand of them are invalids, though but few have died of fever. Probably there will be not much actual fighting in Puerto Rico. The town of Ponce, which has 38,000 inhabitants, received the Americans on July 27 with public demonstrations of welcome. The American flag was hoisted; official addresses were presented by the Alcalde and the Mayor. A proclamation was issued by General Miles, declaring that the expedition had come to release the island from oppressive Spanish rule, and to give its people "the largest measure of liberty under the United States Government, with all the advantages



ARRIVALS AT FRIEDRICHSRUH AFTER THE DEATH OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

Portsmouth at 5.53, twenty-five minutes before its time. The Prince, still occupying his invalid's chair, was carried by bluejackets on board the *Osborne* and placed beneath the awning. Half an hour later the yacht steamed out towards Cowes. She entered the Cowes Roads about half-past seven, and was greeted by a royal salute from H.M.S. *Crescent*, Captain the Duke of York, which is stationed at Cowes as guard-ship to the Queen. The physicians in attendance issued a favourable bulletin, announcing that his Royal Highness had stood the journey extremely well.

On Sunday afternoon the Queen visited the Prince of Wales. Embarking on board the royal yacht *Albert* at East Cowes, her Majesty proceeded to the royal yacht *Osborne*, and remained for about an hour with the Prince. Everywhere there was a brilliant display of bunting. On Monday a bulletin was issued announcing that the Prince had already benefited by the change, and was progressing favourably. His Royal Highness was able to take a lively interest in the yacht-racing, of which he could command a superb view from the pavilion erected on the deck of the *Osborne*.

THE COWES REGATTA.

The London Royal Yacht Club Regatta opened on Aug. 1 in fine weather. The wind, however, was too light for good racing trials, so the courses were shortened by one half. The competing vessels had simply a trial to leeward

Street were found to be on fire, and very soon a large area was ablaze. A linen-draper establishment adjoining the rope-maker's next took fire, and the efforts of the police fire brigade were powerless to cope with the conflagration, which now raged furiously on all sides. Showers of sparks were carried by a strong west wind on to the roofs of several old buildings, but as these were extinguished as they fell a further outbreak in this direction was prevented. The retail block of the drapery establishment was saved, but the wholesale department suffered heavily. The loss to commercial firms is serious enough, but the most unfortunate circumstance in the fire is the irreparable damage done to the Norfolk and Norwich Library, which adjoined the burning warehouses. The building held some 60,000 volumes, including a valuable collection of local works, an admirable reference library, and the fine private collection which the late Mr. Henry Norton bequeathed to the institution some years ago.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Hopes of a speedy agreement on terms for the suspension, at least, of this conflict, which is so disastrous and apparently hopeless for Spain, are not likely to be diminished by the easy victory of the American expedition to Puerto Rico, where General Brooke, with about five thousand troops, since the landing on July 25 at Guanica and the surrender of the large town of Ponce, has encountered no

of an enlightened civilisation." It is distinctly set forth, in the discussion on terms of peace with Spain, that Puerto Rico is to be absolutely surrendered to the sovereignty of the United States, while Spain is required to assent only to the recognition of independence for Cuba. The existing Government debts on the administration of these islands, amounting to more than a hundred millions sterling, mostly in securities held by Spanish public creditors, will not be assumed by the United States. The cession of one of the Ladrones and the Caroline Islands, and of a naval station, port, and town in the Philippines is also demanded, but no money indemnity for the expenses of the war.

These are the terms which on Friday last were decided upon at Washington by President McKinley and his Ministers, and were communicated to M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, to be laid before the Spanish Government at Madrid. In the meantime, it seems that the American commanders at Manila, General Merritt and Admiral Dewey, are rather more embarrassed by the independent bearing of the native insurgents and by the demands of their leader, Aguinaldo, than by the passive attitude of General Augusti and the Spanish garrison in the fort. The future settlement of the Philippines is a problem even more difficult than that of Cuba; and it may be doubtful whether American direct administrators would find it easier than the Spaniards have done.

PERSONAL.

Principal John Caird, D.D., died at Greenock—the town in which he was born—on Saturday, the very day on which his recent resignation as Head of Glasgow University was to take effect. He was seventy-eight years of age. Taking his M.A. degree at Glasgow University in 1845, he at once entered the ministry, and served at Newton-on-Ayr, in Lady Yester's Parish Church, Edinburgh, at Errol, in Perthshire, and then in Park Parish Church, Glasgow. There he came in 1857. Five years later he was appointed Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University; and in 1873 he became Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the College. Such are the bare outlines of the career of the man whose eloquence and scholarship, and the simple dignity of whose life, have gained for him a reputation as one of the most distinguished and beloved of modern Scottish divines.

Principal Caird's first public fame came to him as the preacher of a sermon at Crathie. It was during the time of his ministry at Errol, and, having short notice of the royal command, he fell back on an old sermon he had prepared on the text "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The Queen and the Prince Consort were much impressed by it, and by their command it was published. It bore the title "Religion in Common Life"; some sixty thousand copies were sold; and Dean Stanley avowed himself to be its great admirer.

The Rev. Edward White, who had lived in retirement for some years, and whose death at Mill Hill is now announced, is still remembered among his co-religionists as a successful former chairman of the Congregational Union. Trained at the Glasgow Theological Hall, he began his ministry in Cardiff, continued it in Hereford, and concluded it in Kentish Town, where he served for nearly forty years. He was a prolific author of books, of which the best known are his "Life in Christ," "Certainty in Religion," "Conditional Immortality," "The Mystery of Growth," and "The Minor Moralities of Life."

The provisional suspension of M. Zola by the Council of the Legion of Honour has perturbed several members of that body. Three of these have virtually resigned. M. de Pressensé has written a vigorous letter, in which he says that he has no ambition to wear any longer a piece of red ribbon which is associated with an offence against the principles of justice. Justice is now a treasonable word in France, just as the cry of "Vive la République!" is regarded as an attack on the army. A poet who wrote some verses for the ceremonial in commemoration of Michelet, the historian, was requested by the Government to omit an apostrophe to Justice. His reply was the withdrawal of the poem. A professor who is under the control of the State has been suspended for alluding to the "eclipse of Justice." France is a pleasant land of freedom just now!

The Emperor William has the fixed idea that it was his grandfather who conceived and executed the idea of German unity with the "faithful co-operation" of Prince Bismarck. The general opinion is that Bismarck carried out the plan with the "faithful co-operation" of William I. Dr. Busch has published an interesting article in the *Times* to this effect. Will he be charged with *lèse-majesté*?

Amongst the many stories of Prince Bismarck, his famous encounter with M. Pouhier-Quartier has been overlooked. Pouhier-Quartier, a hard-headed Norman, was appointed by the French Government to negotiate with the German Chancellor the terms of the indemnity after the Franco-German War. The Chancellor received his visitor with great ceremony, and gave him an excellent dinner, followed by deep potations. They drank Rhenish wine and French wine, and the old Norman showed no sign of weakening on the indemnity. Then they drank "Bismarck," a tremendous mixture of champagne and stout, and still the Norman head was clear and obstinate. Next morning at

five o'clock, Bismarck, in full uniform, burst into his visitor's bed-room, and threatened that if his terms were not agreed to, the German armies would resume hostilities at once. The old Norman, in his night-cap, sat up in bed as cool as ever, and vigorously refused to yield. Then the Chancellor broke into a hurricane of mirth, seized the old gentleman by both hands, wrung them warmly, and owned himself beaten. For the first time he had met a diplomatist who was his match in will and courage.

The attitude of Prince Herbert Bismarck towards the Kaiser is remarkable. He refused to accede to the Emperor's suggestion that the body of his father should be interred in the cathedral at Berlin, and he would not allow Professor Lenbach to take a sketch of the old statesman or make a death-mask. Moreover, the coffin was promptly nailed down so that the Emperor should not see the face of the dead. Truly the bitterness of enmity after death has rarely been so strongly illustrated.

On Tuesday, Aug. 2, the Conservative Whips were each presented by Mr. Balfour with a silver cigar-case and a gold match-box. The recipients were Sir W. Walron, Mr. Anstruther, Lord Stanley, Mr. James Fisher, Mr. Fellows, and Lord Curzon. Three hundred and thirty-three prominent members of the party had subscribed for the testimonial.

The governing influence in China is a mystery. What the Emperor does nobody has a very clear idea. It is now stated that such power as he enjoyed has been taken away by the Empress-Dowager; but that, if true, only removes the difficulty to another stage. What is the authority of the Empress-Dowager? Li-Hung-Chang is said to have had a quarrel with Sir Claude MacDonald, who accused the Chinese Minister of having betrayed his country to Russia. It does not seem likely that the British representative would do anything so inconsistent with the rules of diplomacy. Further, Li-Hung-Chang is reported to have threatened that China would ask for Sir Claude MacDonald's recall. That, also, is rather improbable. But so little is known of the diplomatic game at Peking that there is full scope for the exercise of imagination.

Professor Ray Lankester, who has succeeded Sir William Flower as Director of the Natural History Museum, is just fifty-one. He began his public career as Professor of Zoology at University College, London, in 1874; then he went to Edinburgh (for a short time) in 1882, but migrated to Oxford, where his vigorous personality has made its mark.

Curiously enough, Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., the new Keeper of the Royal Academy, is the same age as Mr. Lankester. He received most of his art education in Germany, and it is twenty years since he was elected an Associate of the Academy.

The Hon. Michael Herbert, who succeeds Sir Martin Gosselin at the Paris Embassy, is the brother of the Earl of Pembroke. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, and has served at Washington, Constantinople, the Hague, and Rome. He is already a favourite in Paris, and is a member of the Jockey and Union Clubs.

The illness of the Queen of Denmark, to whose bedside the Princess of Wales has been summoned, will create widespread anxiety in many royal houses. The Queen, who was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel, was born in September

Mr. George William Palmer, who has succeeded Mr. Murdoch as member for Reading, transforming the last election's Conservative majority of 351 into a Liberal majority of 694, is not new to the House of Commons. Like his father before him—Mr. George Palmer—he sat once before for Reading, the town which the biscuits of their firm—Messrs. Huntley and Palmer—have made familiar nearly all over the world. That was in 1892, and after his defeat in 1895 he contested, in March last, the Wokingham Division of Berks against Captain Oliver Young, R.N., but was beaten. Mr. Palmer, who is a magistrate for Berks and Reading, and has also served as Mayor of the town, married, in 1879, Eleanor, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Barrett, of Surbiton.

Mrs. Matilda Malling, whose brilliant Napoleonic novel, "A Romance of the First Consul," has just been published, in translation, by Mr. Heinemann, is a Swede by birth, still in her early thirties. She is married to a lawyer, and lives in Copenhagen, where she publishes her books, writing in Danish. She has made a great success with a romance based on Rousseau's life, and last year she wrote a modern play called "Mrs. Leopold."

The death of Lord Mansfield, which occurred at Scone Palace, Perth, on Aug. 2, removes the oldest nobleman in the country, for he had been born so long ago as Feb. 21, 1806. Lord Mansfield was the fourth Earl. The Murrays of Tullibardine have received many honours. One branch became the Dukes of Atholl; Lord Mansfield's own branch was raised to the peerage as the Viscounts of Stormont in 1608; then as the Barons Balfaird in 1641; while William Murray, who became Lord Chief Justice of England in 1756, brought the Earldom of Mansfield to his famous family twenty years later.

The late Earl, William David Murray, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and sat in Parliament for Aldborough, Woodstock, Norwich, and Perthshire in succession (1830 to 1844). He occupied many State positions, including the Commissionership to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, his levées being still remembered for their magnificence. He was the senior Knight of the Thistle and the senior member of the Carlton Club. He outlived his eldest son, Viscount Stormont, so that he succeeded by his grandson, Lord Balfaird, born in 1860. Lord Mansfield lived chiefly at Scone, but he was familiar to Londoners as the owner of Caen Wood, the fine house beside Parliament Hill and Hampstead Heath.

It is a curious fact that the next oldest peer is also of Perthshire origin, for though the Earl of Perth and Melville, who was born in 1807, resides at Kew, the estates of his family, the Drummonds, now held by Lord Anstruther, are in Perthshire. Lord Perth has outlived both his son and his grandson.

The Duke of Northumberland now becomes Father of the House of Lords, for though Lord Gwydyr and Lord Armstrong were born in the same year (1810) as he, his Grace succeeded to his title in 1867, whereas Lord Gwydyr did not enter the House until 1870, and Lord Armstrong was a commoner until 1887. The Earl of Perth is not in the House.

Lord Tweedmouth has been restoring his historic seat, Hutton Hall, Berwickshire, which was once held by the Humes, one of the Seven Spears of Wedderburn, alluded to in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Long after, it was owned by Mrs. Oswald, of Auchincruive, who inspired Burns in his "Wat ye wha's in yon toun?"

The Crown Prince of Siam has gratified the good people of Edinburgh by the knowledge of Scottish history which he displayed while being taken through Holyrood Palace last week. He knew, for example, how it was that the Queen was connected with the charming Princess Elizabeth who married Frederick of Bohemia.



Photo Nicholls, London.

Mr. G. W. PALMER,
New M.P. for Reading.



Photo Russell and Sons.

THE LATE REV. EDWARD WHITE,
Ex-President of the Congregational Union.



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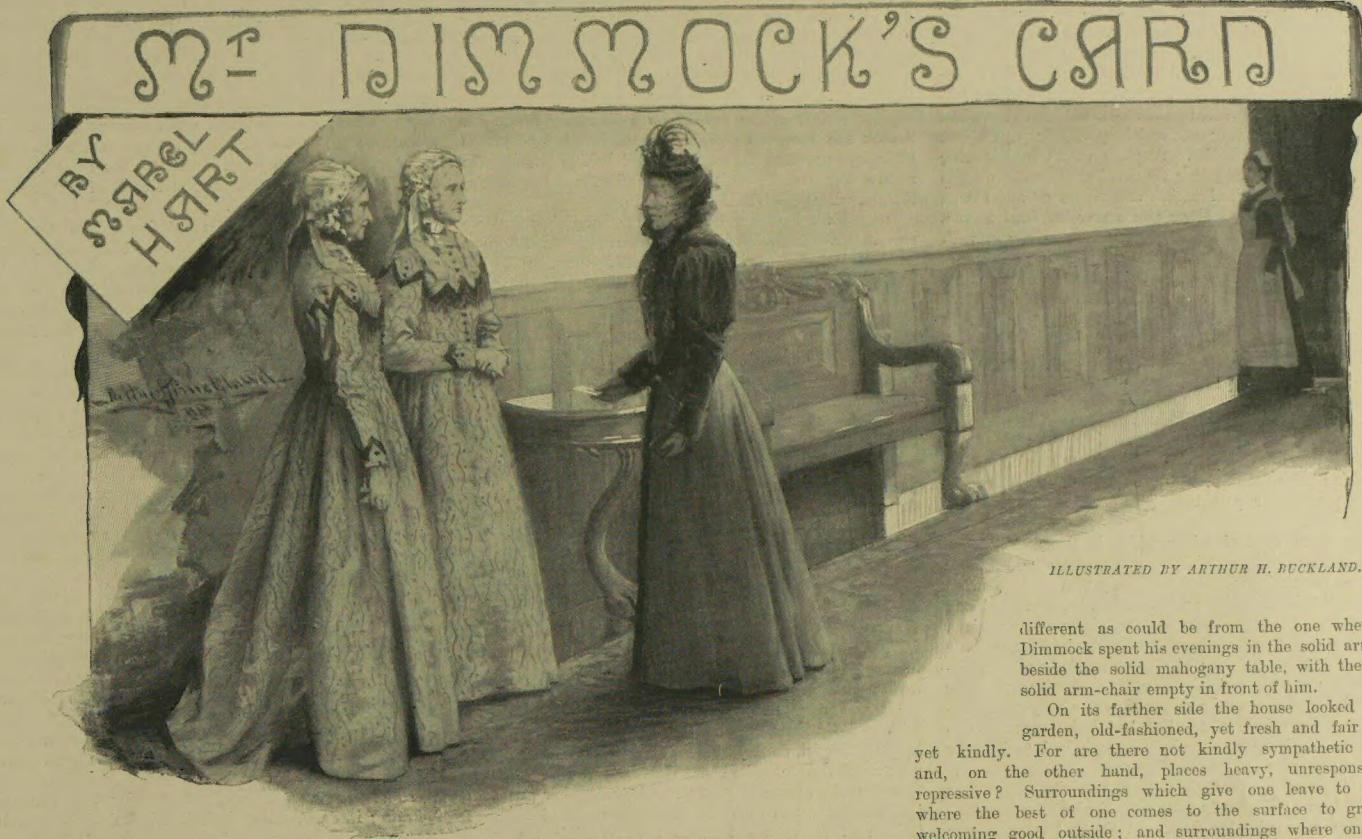
1817, being eighteen months older than our Queen. It is fifty-six years since she was married, and during that time she has seen her family rise to the highest places in Europe. The Danish royal family have always been on the most affectionate terms with one another, and their meetings in Copenhagen every summer have been greeted by one and all as a welcome interlude in the round of pomp and splendour in which they have perforce to spend their lives. The Czar's mother is now in Copenhagen with the aged Queen.

Mrs. Oswald, of Auchincruive, who inspired Burns in his "Wat ye wha's in yon toun?"

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING THE QUEEN AT THE GANGWAY OF THE "OSBORNE" AT COWES.



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

different as could be from the one where Mr. Dimmock spent his evenings in the solid arm-chair beside the solid mahogany table, with the second solid arm-chair empty in front of him.

On its farther side the house looked into a garden, old-fashioned, yet fresh and fair; prim, yet kindly. For are there not kindly sympathetic places; and, on the other hand, places heavy, unresponsive, or repressive? Surroundings which give one leave to expand, where the best of one comes to the surface to greet the welcoming good outside; and surroundings where one's best shrinks, or dries up, or grows cold for want of something—some mysterious, indefinable quality in the atmosphere perhaps?

This garden sloped to the old town wall, where the ancient flints were overgrown with weeds and bushes; and the loop holes, whence winged death was wont once to

THIS male population of Bunchester is not given to paying calls. It consists for the most part of steady-going professional or business men who, after their day's work, prefer their own firesides to those of other people, and the clothes and tempers in which they there happen to find themselves to those which they would think it becoming to put on before adventuring into the world outside the domestic circle.

It is one of the peculiarities of the place that no young bachelors live in it. As many boy babies, indeed, seem to be born in Bunchester in the course of a year as in any town of equal size in the British Isles; and, as infant mortality is not greater there than anywhere else, it is reasonable to suppose that most of these babies grow up, and in due course arrive at manhood.

But once fledged, they invariably fit away to seek their fortunes or misfortunes elsewhere, and return only, if they return at all, when youth and sprightliness and figure have been exchanged for cares, sobriety, wives, and boy and girl babies of their own.

Then their wives pay calls upon one another, leaving the husband's card on the hat-stand in the hall. And their daughters form life-long friendships, and fall in love with the photographs of each other's brothers, even when they can recall what disagreeable little boys the originals used to be in nursery or school-room days. And the vicar, like a discreet man as he is, engages only married curates.

In such a society it is not surprising that the Miss Roses should have attained to some degree of notoriety as the recipients of frequent and regular calls from a gentleman. There were few people either who grudged the sisters the friendship of good Mr. Dimmock, the banker. The Miss Greens were apt to wonder, indeed, what the three could have found to talk about for the hour which they had been in the habit of spending together every week during a period of over thirty years. And motherly Mrs. Turnbull considered that the poor man might have been saved from many a cold or sore throat, caught when crossing the street in unpropitious weather, had he only, in some remote period of his existence, arranged that the society which seemed to be a necessity to him should have been as much a part of the furniture of his hearth as was the empty-leather-covered arm-chair now facing his own on the other side of the rug.

"Perhaps," her husband suggested, with a chuckle, "Dimmock's never been able to make up his mind which of the two he'd ask to occupy that chair."

But in this Mr. Turnbull wronged the banker, who was accustomed to know his own mind, and had "made it up" on this subject not once only, but twice—to little purpose as far as the filling of the chair is concerned; but that could not be looked upon as his fault.

On Thursdays the Bunchester and County Bank closes its doors at three o'clock; and every Thursday at four Mr. Dimmock might have been observed sturdily traversing the road which lay between his house, in convenient proximity to the bank, and that of the Miss Roses, standing back from the street, at the end of a brick-paved courtyard which was entered through iron gates.

These gates were among the objects most worthy of notice in Bunchester, though nobody in Bunchester knew it. They were nearly three hundred years old, and the iron was wrought in all manner of delicate shapes of scroll and flourish and flower.

The bricked court was, perhaps, a disappointing place to arrive at by means of such an entrance; and the outside of the house, tall and lean, with rows of flat, square-panel windows, was not much better. But inside was a charm that worked—of dainty brightness, coquettish neatness, and comfortable order, which together formed a home as



Miss Selina took her hand. Her voice was quite steady as she said, "Oh, yes, Tilly! We can remember little Agnes."

shoot, swift and sudden, to stay the step of the intruder, were peopled with winged life, swift and shy and tuneful. And round the wall's foot crept the slow river, beyond which lay the marshes and a green flattish country as far as eye could see, under the rolling clouds.

It was a quiet, happy environment, in which two young maids lived and changed so gradually and peacefully into two old maids that their hearts might well have imagined that Time was standing still, and forgot to keep pace and change with their bodies. A place of no soul-stirring visions nor brain-disturbing fancies, but of gentle dreams touched with enough of pathos and regret to make them worth the dreaming. Have you never wakened from a dream of you knew not what, with your cheeks wet with tears, and a vague, not at all unhappy yearning tugging at your heart? It always seems to me that when the time comes for the two Miss Roses to fall asleep on earth, it will be in some such fashion that they will awake in heaven.

Their dream has been a long one. It began years ago, when they were two pretty creatures in curls, and white muslins, and ribbons, and sandalled shoes.

They still wear curls, bless them! on either side of their sweet faded faces; but the curls are of one colour now, whereas Miss Tilly's used to be ruddy brown, like her eyes, and Miss Selina's of an almost silvery yellow, in keeping with her pale blue eyes and remarkably fair complexion.

The same want of colour which in those early days prevented Selina Rose, with her pretty figure and regular features, from being regarded as a beauty, pervaded somewhat her moral being. She was never sure of her own mind, and shrank from having to express an opinion on any subject. She was a little of an invalid, a little plaintive, a little inconveniently sensitive; given to the reading of milk-and-water verses, and the warbling of milk-and-water songs in what, it must be confessed, was a very milk-and-watery little voice. Yet Selina had had the courage to make an obstinate mistake in her youth, and to hold by its consequences as unflinchingly as did her stronger-minded sister, when Tilly's turn came to blunder as heroically, and as bravely to reap the fruit of her blunder.

It was a little hard on both that the full consequences of those acts committed in their youth should have been delayed until middle age was well passed, when they had become so accustomed as to be content with things as they had made them. But, alas! though we may all interfere with the course of things as they might have been, they seldom will remain as we make them—which we are inclined to look upon as a pity and very upsetting.

Throughout the fifty years in which the Miss Roses had dwelt together, united in a specially tender bond of sister-love, I honestly believe that there had been but two causes of disagreement between them, while I happen to know that each had kept but one secret from the other.

As to the causes of disagreement they were so slight that, when the sun was shining and the wheels of life ran smoothly, the sisters could afford to treat them as nothing worse than small family jokes to be laughed over. But when Miss Selina had a headache, or the cook had failed to give Miss Tilly satisfaction, they were apt to swell, and assume much graver proportions.

It was undoubtedly irritating to Miss Tilly's housewife mind not to be able to account for what appeared to it as a most extraordinary expenditure of envelopes.

Very few letters left the brick house, yet a packet of envelopes would not remain in it for a fortnight; and Miss Selina, when she found that a housemaid was in danger of being suspected of an undue appreciation of this form of stationery, had pointed to herself as the consumer. At the same time she assured Miss Tilly that she wrote no letters except those which passed under her eye, and that she "did no harm with them."

Could any assurance be more aggravating? Of course she did no harm! How could Selina do harm with anything? The question was what did she do with so many envelopes? And for thirty years that question remained meekly unanswered.

Tilly's offence against her sister was as trivial and as mysterious. Tilly would always wear a pink bow in her cap, just as, when they had been girls, she had of a sudden taken to wearing pink sashes with her white muslin frocks, and had afterwards refused to be arrayed in another colour. Now Selina was fond of a little variety, and had, moreover, an idea that blue was "her colour." So she had had more than once suggested an excursion in another direction, it being, of course, out of the question that the dress of the two should not on all occasions be precisely similar, down to the most minor details.

But Tilly, unselfish to a fault on every other point, was obstinate on this. Her one answer, that she "preferred pink" being evidently regarded by her as a satisfactory closure to every such debate.

This, to the other's simple vanity, might be annoying; but when a member of the royal family died, her sister's obstinacy appeared little short of high treason in the eyes of Selina. For Tilly would not then entertain a thought of even lavender, but, with a pucker of her humorous nose, "supposed that it wouldn't be immediately reported to her dear Majesty what colour the Miss Roses of Bunchester showed in their top-knots—or that she might survive it,

even if it was." Whereupon Selina, murmuring a reproach of "unbecoming levity," shed a tear or two, and gave in, of course, though the bright bow in her cap seemed to her sensitive loyalty to be a brand of shame burning upon her brow.

To return to their weekly visitor. It was part of the household etiquette not to appear to be expecting the regular arrival of the banker on a Thursday afternoon. A cook had been reprimanded for officiousness when she had once suggested the expediency of baking a fresh cake upon a Wednesday, "so it would be nice to cut to-morrow, Ma'am, when Mr. Dimmocock comes in."

"And what reason have you for imagining that we expect Mr. Dimmocock to call to-morrow, Jane?" Miss Tilly had replied with quite unusual hauteur. "He has not signified to us any intention to do so, and I scarcely think, therefore, that he can have done it to you."

Yet the cake was ordered.

Moreover, it might have been observed that the Miss Roses never went out upon Thursday afternoons. They had always some excellent excuse on hand for "happening to remain at home" on that day, and so, expected or not, it never chanced that their friend found their door closed against him.

Now and then, indeed, at rare intervals, a Thursday passed in which he did not appear, and these were long days to the Miss Roses. But no surprise or uneasiness was then mingled with the ennui which the sisters strove, as persistently as unsuccessfully, to conceal from one another. For had not Mr. Dimmocock, during his last visit, casually observed that he expected to be away from home during the following week?

The Miss Roses regretted, while they could not quarrel with the circumstance. For they knew that he was going to Rushton-on-Sea—the only place where he ever paid a visit—and they approved of his motive in going there.

It was at Rushton that Agnes Baines lived, Mr. Dimmocock's orphan ward, a fat-faced, round-eyed, tight-lipped little girl, dowered with a reserve and unresponsive-ness which the sisters had occasion to deplore. For sometimes the child came to pass a few days with her guardian in Bunchester, and then the Miss Roses, out of kindness to both of them, would invite her to drink tea with them.

At these times the old maids, after consulting carefully preserved memories of their own childhood, exhausted themselves in providing entertainment for their guest. They let her drink her tea in the arbour, out of Miss Tilly's precious doll's tea-things. They unearthed balls and shuttlecocks for her to play with on the lawn. They borrowed Dolly Turnbull's puppy to romp in the garden with her; but Agnes was not fond of animals, and left the puppy to amuse himself, which he did by mining and countermining in the seed-beds. They set her to make toffee over the dining-room fire, under the superintendence of Jane, who good-naturedly did all the stirring herself, only to be gently informed at the end that Miss Agnes "did not care for sweet things, thank you." They even commissioned the gardener, with many blushes, to bring to them half-a-dozen "churchwarden" clay-pipes, that the child might know the delight of blowing soap-bubbles, and experienced a keen self-conscious agony for a month afterwards, if they happened to see a smile on the man's face.

Agnes always said "Thank you, Miss Rose; thank you, Miss Matilda," very prettily, and regarded their preparations for her amusement with an air of polite indifference, which was infinitely more trying to her would-be entertainers than actual antagonism could have been.

It is not wonderful that the ladies were not exactly in love with their friend's ward, nor that they should sometimes have remarked gently to each other that it seemed a pity that good Mr. Dimmocock should not have had a more engaging little companion with whom to spend his rare holidays.

But they did not grudge his going to see her. It was his duty. And they never discussed Agnes with her guardian, except to observe to him how tall the child was growing, or how well she looked, or how quietly she behaved (this with a secret sigh). And Mr. Dimmocock, while he said little in reply, seemed gratified by their praises.

"What do they say to one another?" Miss Selina once mused aloud, as she watched the little girl walk off with her guardian, who had come to fetch her, after a long day—which to the Miss Roses had been very long indeed—at the brick house.

"Little enough, probably," Miss Tilly opined. "But they seem content to be together, for all that."

And they did seem to be always quite content.

Mr. Dimmocock found Agnes wonderfully little trouble. As he never puzzled his head about amusing her, his heart never broke at her apparent inability to be amused. He infinitely preferred her as she was to the frolicsome imp into which his friends would have converted her had their power been equal to their will.

It is not known what Agnes at this time thought of Mr. Dimmocock; but she placidly accepted him, as she did every other circumstance of her life, showed no reluctance to come to him (nor, in truth, any sign of distress at

parting), and was perfectly ready to agree with anybody who pointed out to her what a kind guardian she possessed, and what a fortunate little girl she must in consequence consider herself.

II.

Agnes Baines was a tall stout girl of over fifteen, and story-books, portfolios of drawings, and woolwork had been for some time substituted for puppy dogs and doll's tea-things by the ladies at the brick house, for her entertainment, when her visits to Bunchester, and those of her guardian to Rushton-on-Sea, ceased.

This was because Agnes was sent abroad, to be "finished" in a school in Brussels, and to travel, during her holidays, with companions selected by her guardian.

"A girl should learn as much through her own eyes and ears as through books, or the lips of her teachers," said Mr. Dimmocock, who, for an old bachelor, had formed some wonderfully definite opinions on education.

The Miss Roses, guiltily conscious of fifty years passed almost entirely under one roof, and within the crumbling boundaries of one country town, made haste to agree with him—the more easily, perhaps, because they were not inclined to miss the periodical appearances of Agnes Baines at all disagreeably out of their lives.

During the next few years the journeys of Mr. Dimmocock took him to places farther off than Rushton-on-Sea. He was, before all things, a conscientious guardian, and the Miss Roses admired, while they commiserated him when he returned from such excursions, looking, if the truth must be told, as if they had agreed very ill with him.

For the sea upset him, as he confessed, and foreign cookery was no cure for seasickness—but it agreed with Agnes; there could be no doubt about that. His reports of her were all that could be desired by those who cared, as the Miss Roses did, for what gave ease and satisfaction to his mind.

One summer he was away for a much longer period than usual, for nearly a month indeed, with Agnes Baines and a party in Normandy.

His return was a great event. By the Thursday following it, Jane, unrebuked, had baked three separate kinds of cake, to say nothing of scones and shortbread; and the gardener had gathered the first ripe apricots without consulting Miss Tilly, and had not suffered for it.

The cheeks of the old ladies were as pink as the bows in their caps when the banker walked in, and, strange to say, so was the whole of that gentleman's own face, and the crown of his bald head, which convinced the observant Miss Tilly that it wasn't sunburn.

"Ladies," he announced at once in that round, manly voice of his, which always rang so pleasantly in the little feminine drawing-room, "I have some news to communicate to you."

Miss Selina murmured softly something of the best news being that of his own safe return; and then, in a terrible flutter at her own temerity, looked up deprecatingly to meet the disapproval of her sister's glance. But Miss Tilly, with her bright eyes opened wide, and fixed on Mr. Dimmocock's, did not appear to have heard her.

Selina, heaving a small sigh of relief thereat, was nevertheless so overcome by a sense of her own forwardness as to be for the present incapable of further utterance.

The banker continued, "You are the first to whom I tell it, for two reasons. First, I know that you are so kind as to care very much for what concerns me. You are my oldest, and may I be permitted to say, my dearest living friends? The other reason is less—less reasonable."

He smiled. From pink he had become red, and was growing redder every minute. But he showed no nervousness, nor hesitation. His glance, clear and direct as ever, turned from one to the other of the two women whom he had called his friends.

Miss Tilly's eyes sparkled as they met it. Those of Miss Selina were meekly fixed on the thin white hands folded on her knee.

"The fact is," said Mr. Dimmocock, "I had a silly notion, that was stronger than reason, that you had a right to hear first what I have the right to tell you first. For the sake of the sorrow you gave me once in the old days, ladies, and of all the comfort which you have given me since!"

They did not reply. Miss Tilly caught her breath once in a great gasp, Miss Selina in a succession of quick little sighs.

"We have never spoken of those old days," he went on. "I promised you then that I would not—it was the condition of our friendship, and—I thank God for it!—I wasn't such a fool as to cast that from me because it couldn't be something else."

Miss Tilly found her tongue, but her bright eyes looked strangely scared as they rested first on her friend and then on her sister.

"Then, Mr. Dimmocock, why in the name of mercy do you speak of the old days now?"

His steadfast eyes smiled into hers.

"Because, dear Miss Matilda, they are old days now. Because in them your generosity was grieved at not being able to give me what I begged from it. Because it will rejoice to hear that, in the evening of my life, I am to be—not comforted, but—blessed."

He paused for a moment, and grateful tears rose to his eyes.

"Because then, and since, you did give me what you could—and I thank you!"

"I? I?" stammered Miss Tilly, apparently more and more alarmed, as she looked at Miss Selina studying her fingers.

The latter suddenly looked up, quite composed.

"And your news, Mr. Dimmock?" she inquired, smiling very sweetly.

The good man beamed. It was what he had been dying to tell, when he had found himself all at once in memories of "old days."

"Thank you, Miss Selina! My news—you recollect Agnes Baines, to whom you have so often shown kindness?"

A stifled shriek broke from Miss Tilly. "Oh—no!" which did not mean that her memory had failed her with regard to Mr. Dimmock's ward.

Miss Selina took her hand. Her voice was low but quite steady as she said, "Oh, yes, Tilly! We can remember little Agnes."

They remembered it well.

"And—when?" inquired Miss Tilly.

"Not before she comes of age—in another year. You'll kindly keep it to yourselves, ladies, for the present? Not that it signifies, but what is the use of being talked about if one can avoid it?"

They promised to be discreet, and Miss Selina added simply—

"Thank you for telling us. I am glad that you did so."

"It was your right," he repeated. And then, almost tenderly, "You were so unhappy at having to pain me. You may have forgotten, but I remember *that* as though it were yesterday, though the pain was long since healed."

This time it was Miss Selina who started, looking apprehensively at Tilly. And her answering glance was full of dawning conjecture.

* * * * *

The sisters, after saying good-bye to Mr. Dimmock, strolled out into the garden together. They found the air of the house difficult to breathe. While Jane was indignantly demanding of Eliza, "What was the use of cooking

"No one knew except me. Of course you couldn't hide it from me."

"Nor you from me. *He* never knew."

"Selina, he was treated badly."

"I know it!" sobbed Miss Selina. "But I couldn't help it when I thought—about you."

"Nor I," exclaimed Miss Tilly in a hurry. She added, "And he seems happy enough now."

This remark turned her sister's thoughts into a fresh channel.

"Oh, Tilly—*Agnes Baines!*"

"We haven't seen her for four years," suggested Miss Tilly, with an attempt to be hopeful, "and her travels may have—made a difference."

"Do you think that *she* knows?"

"That, so long ago, he fell in love with two sisters, one after the other, and that he was refused by both; and that all three have been friends ever after?" asked Miss Tilly, with her shrewd smile. "No, I don't think it probable that she knows!"

Once more her speech gave rise to a sudden thought, this time in the brain of each, which neither communicated.



Miss Selina held it to the candle-flame, and let it curl and blacken to nothing. She was quite calm, while her sister wept aloud.

If the gentle creature had intended the adjective to wound, she failed in her purpose. Mr. Dimmock laughed cheerfully.

"Little no longer, Miss Selina! She is as tall as I am, and, I can assure you, very nearly as broad!"

"And she—?" persisted Miss Selina softly, as he paused.

"She has consented to be my wife."

Miss Tilly pulled herself together. She wasn't going to let her sister monopolise all the heroism. Yet she was unable all at once to attain her calmness. Her words had the effect of being shot out of a catapult.

"I hope you'll be happy! We congratulate you!"

"Thank you, Miss Matilda."

His confident tone showed that he had few doubts on the subject of his happiness.

"And we congratulate *Agnes Baines!*" added Miss Selina, with a very gentle emphasis.

"As to that—I'm old for her," admitted the banker candidly.

The sisters did not deny it.

"But then," he continued, "she has always been such a staid, steady-going little soul, hasn't she? Not wanting to racket about like other girls. You remember she always seemed different from them?"

for them as could sit an hour over their tea and never touch a crumb?" they were leaning upon the old wall, watching the river flow beneath.

"Selina, did you understand?" presently murmured Miss Tilly, breathless.

"I ought to have told you, Tilly; I know that I hated keeping it from you," was Miss Selina's indirect and tearful response.

"He evidently thought that we had told each other," mused Miss Tilly.

"I wish we had. He must never know that we had not," said Miss Selina, with much more decision than usual.

"Selina, why did you refuse him?"

The elder sister made no answer, and Tilly, drawing nearer, threw an arm round her waist.

Then Selina turned to her, and pressed her side-curls against the Shetland shawl covering Matilda's shoulders.

"Oh, Tilly, why did you?"

Tilly, clasping her tight, spoke between her teeth.

"I was a shameless hussy to let my feeling for him appear, when he was courting *you*?"

"Hush, Tilly! If you reproach yourself for that you are reproaching me. And I tried so hard—I did try—and thought that no one knew."

"I must have been his first love!" mused Miss Selina, with pensive satisfaction; while Miss Tilly told herself, almost gleefully—

"I was his last love—for he doesn't love *Agnes Baines like that!*"

* * * * *

At night, after their side-curls had been put in paper, Miss Selina, gowned in crimson flannel, crept to her sister's room.

"Is anything the matter, Selina?"

"No, Tilly, thank you. But this"—she held a sealed envelope towards her sister, who read: "To be buried with me, unopened. *Selina Rose*"—"I am going to burn it, Tilly. I don't think that it would be right to keep it, now that he is going to be married. It is—it is his declaration to me."

Without more words, she held it to the candle-flame, and let it curl and blacken to nothing on the hearth. She was quite calm, while her sister wept aloud.

"You were troubled about the envelopes, Tilly. I used them for that. Every night I had to read his letter—I couldn't sleep without—and then I sealed it up afresh. I thought that, if I did not, it might some day be read by mistake, and then what use would all have been? I'm afraid," with a wan smile, "that I was very extravagant with the envelopes."

"Oh, Selina, Selina! How will you sleep now?"
Selina turned away. Her eyes were filmy with pain. They cleared as she rested suddenly on the table, where her sister appeared to have been busy with millinery.

"What is this, Tilly?"

Tilly blushed.

"Caps," she said laconically. "Should you mind, Selina, if we were to put in blue bows for a change?"

Selina took up a pink bow and looked at it.

"Had these anything to do with—it, Tilly?" she asked softly.

Tilly waited for a moment, then spoke with resolution.

"I will tell you all about it. Yes, I should like to do so, Selina. I so often must have appeared selfish. I was selfish, but—you'll understand now. It was the day—the day when he asked me, you know. We had actually had a little quarrel. You and I were wearing our green sashes—do you remember those with the fringe which Uncle Carey brought us from Paris? It was so kind of him, but I always thought them hideous. They were hideous, you know, but I was angry, for all that, when I asked Mr. Dimmock his opinion of them, and he wouldn't admire them. And then he was angry because I was angry. He said, 'Why must girls want to follow the fashion (green

III.
During the year of his engagement Mr. Dimmock continued his weekly visits to his friends. As often as he was in Buxton, that is, for his absences were now more frequent, and more prolonged than before.

There was no awkwardness in such meetings. They talked as they had always done (according to the conditions long ago laid down by the sisters) on safe, outside topics; kindly gossip, gentle platitudes, simple one-sided politics. The affairs of several nations seemed easily settled in that cheerful drawing-room looking upon the sloping garden.

But it could not be expected that Mr. Dimmock would long keep off the subject which engrossed his thoughts. The Miss Roses heard much about his preparations for his bride. Agnes herself he did not seem inclined to discuss with them, for which mercy they were duly thankful.

Moreover, though they listened with patient interest to his descriptions of alterations in house and garden, they were never moved, even when deliberately tempted by him, to offer advice; which shows that, with all their simplicity, the sisters were not bereft of worldly wisdom.

And presently Mr. Dimmock went away again, and when he next returned, he brought his bride with him.

half-holiday, the Miss Roses looked at one another again, but this time neither made an attempt to answer the thoughts of the other.

The answer came from the outside, when the pony-carriage from the Crown was observed passing the iron gates, Mr. and Mrs. Dimmock within, a picture of quiet conjugal felicity. He was driving his wife into the country, and they did not return till dark.

On Friday Mrs. Dimmock returned the sisters' call. It was really very pretty of her to come so soon, Miss Selina said, and showed a very nice feeling.

Miss Tilly thought that her sober, matronly bonnet was another evidence of nice feeling, and her manner too, which was as sober and as matronly as her bonnet.

Mrs. Dimmock explained that her first call must be on her husband's old friends, who had been kind to her too in her childhood; and she inquired minutely after their healths. After this she made no further attempt to commence a subject of conversation, and she had a curious way of speaking without a smile, which made the Miss Roses feel nervous; but she was herself far too cool and composed ever to be suspected of shyness.

When they tried to talk to her she answered their questions with an indulgent air, yet as though wondering



HOLIDAY HAUNTS.—SENNEN COVE, CORNWALL: OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.

was fashionable then—because of something political—to do with Ireland, I believe)? Why couldn't they be content with the colours that suited them best? And knowing, as I must, that pink was my colour, why should I wear green just because everybody else was doing so?" I replied, rather pertly, I fear, that I didn't care for pink, and should wear just what I pleased. Then his eyes, which had been sparkling quite angrily, suddenly softened, and he asked, speaking rather low, if I wouldn't sometimes wear what would please *him*! And then, before I could understand, or stop him, he proposed to me.

"And I—refused him, Selina; but I vowed to myself that thenceforth I would wear only the colour which he preferred. And I have done so from that day to this. I don't think that he has noticed it for twenty years," added Miss Tilly, bravely smiling, with that crumpling of her nose which has been mentioned before.

"Why change it now, then?" whispered Miss Selina as she hugged her.

Miss Tilly blushed again.

"I should scarcely think it right to wear a gentleman's favourite colour when I know him to be engaged to be married. Bring your cape here, my dear, and we will alter them as well."

So the two sat up together till nearly midnight, knotting blue ribbons with their trembling fingers; and were both painfully conscious of it, when Miss Selina's love-letter, after rustling for a while uneasily beneath the grate, finally, like a little black formless ghost, made its exit up the chimney.

Great was then the talking in the homes of the Turnbulls, the Greens, and their like. Young Mrs. Dimmock was pretty freely discussed over the teacups at the Vicarage too; and Mrs. Stone, the lonely old widow at St. Anne's Cottage, was excited to hear what her Susan had been able to learn about the new-comer from other people's Susans in the High Street. Only in the brick house she was scarcely mentioned at all.

Two mornings after her arrival, Miss Selina looked across the breakfast-table at her sister, with inquiry in her eyes; and Miss Tilly, with an air of bracing herself, made answer—

"Yes, Selina, we should call upon her this afternoon, I think."

No one who saw them crossing the street a few hours later, walking slowly, in their best bonnets, holding their skirts awkwardly in hands already cumbered with card-cases and little fringed parasols with double-up handles, would have guessed at the perturbation within each gentle breast. Each felt herself to be an egregious coward, supported only by the magnificent fortitude and courage of her sister. Yet neither knew whether relief or disappointment dominated her feelings when they learnt at the banker's door that Mrs. Dimmock was "not at home."

They returned immediately as they had come, without any question of going farther. Some walks take it out of one in a manner wholly disproportionate to their length.

This was upon a Monday. On Thursday, the banker's

why they were asked, which was supremely disconcerting. The sisters began to find their visitor as heavy on hand as had been the little stolid girl who had spent "long days" with them. And she refused tea, with the manner of Agnes Baines explaining that she "did not care for sweet things, thank you."

At length—and this was the pleasantest part of her visit—she went away.

The sisters, with old-fashioned courtesy, accompanied her to the door of the room, to see that Eliza was in waiting to take charge of her in the passage. And then Mrs. Dimmock paused and turned.

"I will leave Mr. Dimmock's card if I may, Miss Rose. He begged me to give you both his very kind regards if I saw you."

The strip of pasteboard was deposited on the slab beside the drawing-room door, and Miss Tilly could scarcely wait for their visitor to be gone, and Eliza returned downstairs, before she picked it up. She looked at it with a curious expression.

"He never left a card upon us before, Selina!" she said, and there was tragedy in her tone.

Miss Selina said nothing, but her lip quivered a little as she read the name, in delicate copperplate, over her sister's shoulder.

They held one another's hands as they re-entered the drawing-room, where Mr. Dimmock's card was dropped into the plate containing those of Mr. Turnbull, and Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who called through the medium of their wives.

THE END.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS: SENNEN COVE, CORNWALL



WAITING FOR THE BOATS.



LANDING FISH.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- A Summer on the Plains.* By Major Sir Rose Lambert Price, Bart. (Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co.)
Dinner at Four. By G. de Thierry. (Duckworth and Co.)
The Man in the Case. By J. H. Horner. (William Heinemann.)
Ward, Lock, and Co.
John Lane.
Behind a Mask. By Theo Douglas. (Harper and Brothers.)
Sowing the Sand. By Florence Henniker. (Harper and Brothers.)
True Heart. By Frederic Breton. (Grant Richards.)
The Bend of the Road. By James MacManus. (Downey and Co.)
The Land of the Free. By Paul Westwood. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Master. By Florence Warden. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
Tom Ossington's Ghost. By Richard Marsh. (James Bowden.)
The Wheel of God. By George Egerton. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
The Hope of the Family. By Alphonse Daudet. Adapted by Levin Carnac. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
As a Man Lives. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)
Adrienne. A Romance of French Life. By Rita. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Sir Lambert Price seems to have had a very pleasant holiday in the Rocky Mountains, where unlimited shooting and fishing were diversified by such unconventional pastimes as Omaha war-dances and the inveigling of trout (at the end of a line) into geysers, whence (still at the end of the line) they were well cooked in a few minutes. The book is simply a plain chronicle of incidents by the way, which have an occasional tendency (as in the matter of elk-hunting) to repeat themselves. The style is almost brusque in its simplicity; and it is characteristic of the author's mental attitude that when, once in the book, he wants to convey an impression of enthusiasm, he finds no better way of doing it than by quoting another traveller's description *in toto*. Sir Lambert keeps his pen under strict military discipline, which he only relaxes at the close of the book to discuss the congenial theme of American Army organisation. He reverts to it in an interesting appendix apropos of the Spanish-American War.

Not the least pregnant part of Mr. Thierry's excellent little book is Mr. Henley's introduction, couched in that high Imperial tone which so well befits him. It must have been a congenial task, for the burden of Mr. de Thierry's chapters is wonder and exhortation—wonder that England has been so slow in comprehending the glory of its heritage; exhortation lest it should faint by the way in the making of that "noblest thing that has ever lived in the tide of times—the finished British Empire." Words like these are addressed to willing ears to-day, but it is well to be reminded that, though the mood is now awakened, the work has hardly been begun. "It must be remembered that—despite such instant consequences as the institution of preferential rates by Canada and Australia, and the offer of men and ships and material from Canada and Cape Colony and Natal—neither the one nor the other is in the category of constructive statesmanship. They merely pave the way for that creative policy which must, sooner or later, be the life-work of an English Minister." May one venture the suggestion that there are Ministers now with us fit for the great task? The times grow daily more ripe for it.

The sound of the sea beating on the Cornish coast is heard underneath every page of Mr. Pearce's story. The sea is even more than an accompaniment. It is an actor in the drama of Ezekiel. Its voice is leashed with his conscience to tell continually in his ear the tale of his sin—the robbing of a dead body for the gold on it, gold he has coveted for gifts to his daughter. It acts on his sensitive soul so as to heighten the terror and shame of expiation. It punishes him hourly, and prevents expiation. Mr. Pearce might have made it the only judge outside the fisherman's own soul, and we should have believed him. But he has added a wicked elf of a pedlar, who guesses the deed and harasses Ezekiel's life ever after. The blighting of his nature is described with melancholy accuracy. Everywhere the psychological interest dominates the tale, which is, nevertheless, not without bright and charming incidents in the love-making of Morvenna and the schoolmaster, and vividly ugly ones in the unholy compact between the pedlar and Joe the carter. The story is made out of an intimate knowledge of Cornish nature and human nature. Both are presented without fear or favour by a son of Cornwall, who, though he often writes in defiance of gentilities, warms our hearts as he opens us eyes to the beauties and the crudities of the wild land.

"Materfamilias" may not be pitched to suit very exalted tastes, but it is certainly a very clever and a very good-natured bit of satire. The lady is made to paint her own picture, and she does it with delightful openness, and in full confidence that we shall all approve of her. Were it not for the autobiographic form, the result must have seemed less amiable. Helen is not an uncommon type, and it is all the harder to describe with precision. She is the affectionate, excitable, exigent, faithful, jealous, impulsive woman of strong domestic instincts. She would die for her husband's and children's interests, perhaps; but she would worry and irritate them every day of their lives. She would always get devoted service and unlimited caresses, for she could not do without them. She would always cry out when hurt, and her good heart might always be depended on. A vulgar little soul, and with no intellect to speak of, guiltless of ideas, but a vivid personality all the same. Miss Cambridge has done more complicated work, but none so neat and effective, we think, as this sketch of the Australian ship-captain's household, so harassed and so fortunate in the possession of this agitating and fiercely affectionate little house-mother.

We would beg readers in a hurry to put by Mr. Leggo's story for a leisure time; otherwise they may declare it tedious, and thus commit an injustice. It is a book that demands a particular mood—unfortunately for its chance of popularity. There are no strong effects, and there is not very much vivacity of manner. Perhaps the author felt this, and put in certain minor incidents, fearing that his main story would not have enough of varied interest. Most of these minor incidents are a mistake: they hang

on to the rest in a purposeless way. The careers of Gladys Stour, Maystone, Rafford, and Presterley are enough to keep fast our attention in the mood in which we are interested less in action than in fine shades of human character and motive, or in watching how the complicated life of to-day blurs social differences and yet tests human nature most discriminately. Of the comfortable country-house existence and the hard struggle of the poor in great cities Mr. Leggo is equally observant. But where he specially excels is in description of the world out of doors. There he is a master. A high ideal of workmanship is maintained throughout. There is not a slipshod page in the book, and there are many that must give delight to every reader sensitive to style.

There is material for a fine melodrama in "Behind a Mask." Unluckily, Miss Douglas has been too ambitious to be content with melodrama alone, and has worked her strong sensations into a web of rather dull stuff, to the spinning of which she has given elaborate care. But most readers will be tempted to skip the lengthy portions descriptive of ordinary English existence, the minor plots, and the careers of the too numerous secondary characters, and to keep only the story of Paul Westwood in view. Paul is an old friend of the novel-reader, the good man who bears the blame of another's crime, and is restored to reputation and his old love after long exile. Nina, the little Italian plotter, who impersonated his daughter by a marriage that had never taken place, and swore to his death, is an old friend, too. We are not tired of her. She contrives a good story, profitable for a time to herself and entertaining to us. Her brother Cosimo's connection with the Cause adds the necessary touch of picturesqueness to her adventurous career. First-rate fiction cannot be made out of this kind of thing, but for effective melodrama it is good enough. The intermingling of more everyday matter has only added confusion without raising the novel into a higher grade.

Mrs. Henniker's new book is marked by all her usual restraint and delicacy of treatment, but calmly unemotional and dispassionate as it is, it strikes a more arresting note of genuine if quiet tragedy than many strenuous "novels with a purpose." It is an old story that she tells, but it is told with such faithfulness of observation, such analytical insight, and yet such pity for the weakness which, more than wickedness, makes havoc of human lives, that one lays it down more than ever impressed with the truth of the exhortation which bids us—

Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle.

On companion panels, Mrs. Henniker has essayed to picture life as seen from two widely differing social planes, and it is no small praise to say that she has entirely succeeded. The middle-class Mr. and Mrs. Crespin are drawn with no less fidelity than the aristocratic Alex Devereaux, and even the subordinate characters are clearly etched. "Outlines" and "In Scarlet and Grey" both contained fine work, but "Sowing the Sand" contains even finer. The art of it and the interest of it surpass anything that Mrs. Henniker has done.

"True Heart" is a powerful historical novel of the days of Luther, Erasmus, the Reformation, and the Peasants' War, and its hero goes through numberless thrilling adventures, and has the most hair-breadth escapes from the most frightful of deaths. Indeed, of the few faults to be found with Mr. Frederic Breton's promising novel, the too, too realistic description of the agonies of men in the torture-chamber, at the stake, or torn to pieces by dogs, is the one which will offend most readers. Love plays, as it should, a large part in the romance, and the hero has his Rebecca and Rowena, his Jewish and his Christian sweetheart. More fortunate than Ivanhoe, he marries both, for the death in child-birth of Azubah, whom he married from pity, makes way for his true love union with Veronica. "True Heart," in spite of its unconscionable length, cannot be charged with the one mortal sin of tediousness.

The humour of Mr. James MacManus's "The Bend of the Road"—a collection of Irish sketches—though neither rich nor subtle intrinsically, has the merit of raciness. It is a little like poete, rather crude and fiery, but with the flavour in it of the peat. Occasionally it is forced beyond the limits of farce, as in such speeches as the following, where the schoolmaster describes an attack of the *furore poetica*: "When I have a real bad attack I cannot sleep for nights together. Nocturnal perambulations and abstruse cogitations are the inevitable consequence, and ultimately, with the aid of the quill of a domesticated graminivorous biped, some reams of a white and unctuous substance, and an untransparent fluid of Cimmerian darkness, the fury of the disease becomes sufficiently allayed to permit me to resume my normal occupations." The personages, however, as all Irishmen will recognise, are not unduly exaggerated specimens of the peasantry of a remote district, while both the dialect and the dialogues are as natural as they are amusing.

Mr. Leonard Merrick's "The Actor-Manager" is a singularly clever study of an over-done subject—the cause, course, and inevitable end of a marriage made in haste and in the mere madness of passion. The story opens dramatically with the casual meeting of a frozen-out actor and actress on a winter Christmas night in the London streets under the falling snow. They meet only to part—the actor to succeed, the actress to fail. The actor's good fortune, however, made him only an eligible match and prey to another actress, who differs from her rival as Becky Sharp from Amelia. After marriage the scales drop from his eyes and the mask from her face, and while a rich lover appears on the scene to feed her insatiable vanity and greed, his old love joins his company and keeps continually under his remorseful eyes her infinite superiority in all ways to his wife. It is his wife, however, who is faithless in deed as well as in heart, and the curtain falls upon her success with her wealthy victim. "The Actor-Manager" is on a far higher plane than the average novel in its subtle and successful portraiture of character.

"The Renunciation of Helen" is an *olla podrida* of old plots hashed up together with much ingenuity. Only the

most experienced novel-reader will see his way through its thicket of mysteries, but it must be admitted that most of these mysteries are impenetrable only because they are incredible. The coincidences also are too many and improbable for any but the youngest reader to accept implicitly, while not even the youngest reader could accept implicitly or even tolerate the preposterous game of hide-and-seek played in the closing chapters by the hero and heroine. However, up to the far-fetched and fantastic dénouement, our interest in the characters and fortunes of the personages and our curiosity about the solution of the mysteries of its plot are well sustained.

Miss Florence Warden in "The Master-Key" has made serious use of an idea which we should have expected to find in one of Mr. Gilbert's grotesqueries. The widow of a peer entrusts the infant heir to the peasant to a baby-farmer of the most murderous reputation to ensure it against massacre! She has got it into her hysterical brain that unless the infant is entrusted to the tender mercies of Mrs. Sweene, it will be made away with by the next heir to the peerage, Captain Garrington. Only the craziest of creatures could have failed to see that this diplomatic move was like that of the snakes pursued by St. Patrick in the old ballad—

The snakes committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter.

And, indeed, like Molière's "L'Etourdi," she is consistently imbecile throughout in countering every attempt made by others to secure the single absorbing object of her life.

The heroine of "Tom Ossington's Ghost" is of an opposite type to that of the feeble Lady Lilius. She is an uncompromising young person with a decided opinion of her own, which she expresses decidedly upon every subject. The hero is a singularly striking and, so to say, appetising opening scene gets the benefit of her candid judgment of himself (which was not wholly unwarranted) "as a thief." As a matter of fact, he was trying to appropriate unprofessionally a treasure belonging of right to a client of his, to whom the ghost had offered it. The offer, however, was a mere bait to land the wretch in jail, where he was to expire miserably the sins committed against the ghost when in the flesh. His partner in guilt, the ghost's widow, has also to make atonement; and the treasure is but "set" by these two sinners to be found and appropriated by the virtuous hero, heroine, and her friend. There are some very striking scenes and situations in "Tom Ossington's Ghost."

The striking scenes and situations in George Egerton's "The Wheel of God" are numberless, but they are not always coherent nor often pleasant. You find yourself in a distracting crowd of repellent people who have little mutual connection, but owe their introduction solely to their being casual fellow-travellers of the heroine on her dreary journey through the world. It is a dreary journey both to her and to the reader, since she is treated for the most part either despicably or brutally by woman's natural enemy—man. The superabundance of decadent cleverness in "The Wheel of God," its "superfluity of naughtiness," fails of its full effect owing to a lack of coherence, concentration, or, in one word, "composition." There are, however, scenes in the story—notably an obstetric scene—clever enough to have been written by the author of the novel which the heroine held "to be of most permanent value as a picture of one section of contemporary English life, 'Esther Waters.'"

If "The Wheel of God" had been "adapted," as M. Alphonse Daudet's "Soutien de Famille" has been adapted, the mutilation would have been of comparatively slight consequence; since one of the tests of a work of art, as distinguished from an invertebrate succession of clever scenes and sketches, is its sensitiveness to defacement. But "The Hope of the Family"—Mr. Levin Carnac's "adaptation" of M. Alphonse Daudet's "Soutien de Famille"—puts the original severely to this test. In fact, it recalls Puff's furious exclamation, "The pruning-knife! Zounds! the axe!" Why hero has been such lopping and topping I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently." More than a third of the original has been "cut," while the torso left has been mutilated sometimes out of all recognition. Probably Mr. Levin Carnac has done the work of making "Soutien de Famille" marketable here as well as it could be done under the conditions prescribed to him; but it has destroyed M. Alphonse Daudet's novel as a work of art. Its interest, however, either as a story or as a picture of Parisian life, could not possibly be destroyed, and, indeed, there is enough of the incomparable Alphonse Daudet left to delight the English reader.

From "The Hope of the Family" to "As a Man Lives" is a far cry, as Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's novel depends for its interest rather upon plot and incident than upon delineation of life and character. An estimable clergyman and admirable preacher has a past of a kind so mysterious and equivocal that it leads up to the commission of manslaughter by him while on the way to church to preach before his Bishop a sermon on which hangs his promotion. His victim staggers into the church at the close of the sermon and denounces the preacher with his dying breath. That is a dramatic situation which at once rouses the interest and defies the penetration of the most experienced novel-reader. But besides this mystery, and connected with it are others, hardly less laughable and exciting; while the course of true love, which can be smoothed by the rehabilitation of the criminous cleric, is itself most interesting to follow. "As a Man Lives" is a very clever novel of the "Silence of Dean Maitland" sort.

The pictures of French life in "Rita's" "Adrienne" are somewhat British, and rather "after the school of Stratford atte Bowe"; but it is an interesting story enough of the formation of a French husband. We have to "make believe very much" to suppose that a broken leg could so transform him; but "Adrienne" is a romance, and will, no doubt, be acceptable to lovers of the kind of fiction "Rita" produces with such surprising fertility and facility.

ART NOTES.

We have no desire to disparage the generous enthusiasm of the friends and admirers of great artists whom death overtakes in the plenitude of their powers, but this attempt to raise a national memorial to each one as he passes away, and before time has been allowed to sit in judgment on his work, seems to be undignified. It is like the constantly growing habit of presenting testimonials to those who have simply done their duty—and sometimes to those who have failed to do it. A national memorial or a public testimonial will very soon become a byword and a reproach, and those who escape will be the really "distinguished." To raise from £3000 to £5000 to purchase a work of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones is a very charming idea, but our art-enthusiasts might with advantage imitate the wise caution of the Roman Catholic Church, and allow a long interval to elapse before considering the claims of individuals to exceptional honour. The Leighton campaign was in a measure responsible for the Millais fiasco, although it looks as if another effort were to be made to enthuse the public afresh on this matter. If a memorial is to be raised to Burne-Jones, why Rossetti should not be similarly honoured may reasonably be demanded by his devotees. When public memorials of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, and others have been erected, it will be time enough to think of the artists of our day. Meanwhile, Christie's auction-rooms and the National Gallery should suffice to mark public appreciation.

There seems little likelihood that the national memorial to Mr. Gladstone will afford much opportunity to sculptors to show their power. The Parliamentary statue has been, not unreasonably, entrusted to Mr. Brock, and he is not likely to produce anything out of keeping with the other bronze figures of statesmen which adorn Parliament Square. The decision of the committee on the national memorial points also to statues which are to be erected in the capitals of England, Scotland, and Ireland; whilst a fourth will be placed near the deceased statesman's old home. The question naturally arises, Is each of the four statues to be a replica of one selected by the committee, or is each city to have a word in the selection of the sculptor? In view of the unity of history, the former plan will be the least perplexing to future biographers. On the other hand, it would be a fine opportunity of obtaining an English, a Scotch, an Irish, and even a Welsh rendering of the statesman who laboured so strenuously for each nationality; and it would be a graceful recognition of other than Academic claims to select sculptors of the country in which the statue is to be erected. Anyhow, it may be



THE QUEEN'S OLDEST SUBJECT: THE LATE MR. ROBERT TAYLOR,
REPUTED 134 YEARS OLD.

Mr. Taylor, who died on July 25, was Postmaster of Scriven, County Down. The date of his birth was given variously as 1764 and 1780. The photograph above reproduced was taken specially for the Queen, who presented Mr. Taylor with her own portrait.

money without stint. Many of the Dutch pictures were bought from the easels of their respective painters, and doubtless were obtained at comparatively moderate cost. Among the eighty-three works which compose the famous collection are three fine Terburgs, four by Metzu,

in some of all Gothic architecture. In the magnificent church of Saint-Front, at Périgueux, M. Larroumet claims to have discovered the germ of Notre Dame at Paris. A similar identity can be traced between churches in the district



THE COBURG MARRIAGE.

On August 2 Princess Dorothea, daughter of Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was married at Coburg to Duke Ernst Günther of Schleswig-Holstein. On July 31 the vows were exchanged according to the Roman Catholic Ritual, the Protestant and civil ceremonies taking place on August 2.

surely anticipated that, whatever the decision of the Committee, it will be met with hostile criticism.

The Hope collection of pictures—just sold to Mr. Wertheimer for £121,550—forms part of the famous gallery on which the Hoop family of Amsterdam spent time and

and two of Gerard Douw's most delicately finished masterpieces. All of these were shown at the South Kensington Museum, and several have from time to time appeared in the exhibitions of the Old Masters at Burlington House. Two companion works, originally attributed to Metzu—a man writing a letter and a lady reading one—are

now assigned to Vermeer, and if put up to auction would certainly attract bidders from all parts of Europe and America. There are also a charming group of four figures by Peter de Hooghe and several humorous pictures of Dutch life by Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen. Our National Gallery is already so well provided with pictures by Dutch masters of the "Golden Age" that it would have been foolish to have expected the Hope collection to be purchased for the nation, nor could local galleries have raised so large a sum as £121,550 unless the private benefactor had stepped in. The dispersion of the collection does not seem to be obviated by Mr. Wertheimer's move.

The Office of Works has made a bold departure in presuming to select its own architects for the public buildings to be erected at Whitehall. The system of calling upon the profession at large to furnish designs has resulted either in confusion or contempt, while a limited competition between selected architects has generally produced ill-will and evil-speaking. There is not a word to be said against the architects chosen, and the fact that neither is invested with an Academic distinction is evidence that the Chief Commissioner is ready to recognise merit outside the ranks of that body. It is probably too much to suppose that either architect will show himself as "modern" as Herr Alfred Messel, of Berlin, whose most recent erection, the Wertheim Bazaar, is conceived upon lines wholly at variance with received tradition. He has, in fact, put into practice the theories of a certain school which preaches the abandonment of all old ideas and a complete break with Gothic, Renaissance, or even classical formulas. The architecture of each building should, according to these reformers, be regulated by the object for which it is destined, and the ornamentation suited as much to its contents as to the local conditions of light and atmosphere.

Early in the year a volume dealing with Aquitaine and its architecture appeared in this country. The author, who wrote rather as an enthusiast than as an expert, could hardly anticipated the interest which has recently been aroused by the vestiges of early art in which that district is so rich. M. Larroumet, the "perpetual" secretary of the French Academy of Fine Arts, now boldly claims for the Byzantine style, as exhibited

in some of the buildings of central France, the origin of all Gothic architecture. In the magnificent church of Saint-Front, at Périgueux, M. Larroumet claims to have discovered the germ of Notre Dame at Paris. A similar identity can be traced between churches in the district

round Angoulême and those which are classed among the best specimens of French Gothic. In architecture there is no limit for those who pursue their researches in the true spirit of archaeology. And some have discovered to their own satisfaction that the germ of Saint-Front can be traced in the monument of Ctesiphon on the banks of the Tigris.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: SCENES OF THE ATTACK ON SANTIAGO.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN: WITH THE ARTILLERY.

A shell exploded over No. 3 gun, killing two men and wounding several. On the left is Dr. Quinton, attending to Sergeant Cornforth.



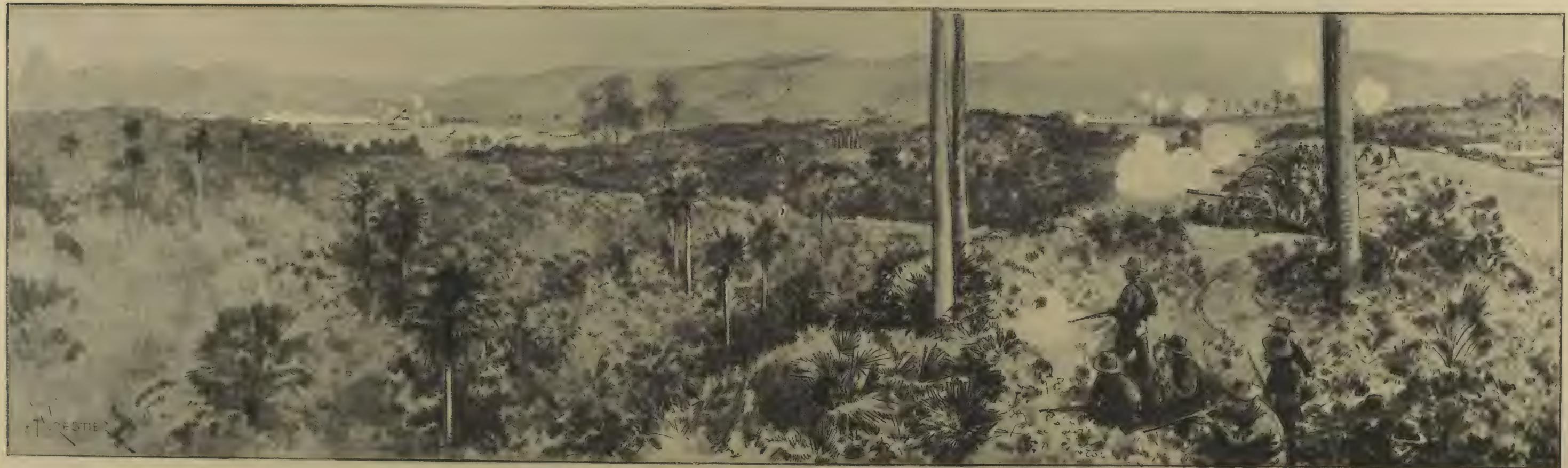
STORMING OF THE HILL AT SAN JUAN.

The attack was successfully delivered, but at fearful cost.



ARTILLERY DIGGING GUN-PITS AFTER THE FIGHT.

Rain was falling heavily, but could not damp the energy and spirit of the gunners.



THE FIGHTING AT EL POSO, JUNE 30: WITH THE ARTILLERY.

ECHOES.

Roughly speaking, which is an exceedingly appropriate way to address an echo, the subject of this article can be divided into two classes—the natural, to be found in divers out-of-the-way places, and the artificial echo, such as is to be found in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's or at St. Albans Cathedral ere the restorations prevented your hearing the tick of an ordinary watch from end to end of the two hundred feet of building. The former of the two principal divisions can be further divided into bona-fide echoes and echoes that have to be accepted as such because of their reputation. The latter of the main divisions can by analysis be disintegrated into echoes accidentally made by man and echoes of chicanery—artificial echoes and echoes of artifice.

The natural bona-fide echo is one of the cheapest entertainments devised, and, being so, is cultivated with great assiduity by the natives in whose district she, poor Oread, dwells. The drivers of char-a-bancs toot to her with horns of brass and distended cheek: unregarded of their impertinence she faintly tootles back; trippers "coo-coo" at her in diver keys, and her plaintive reply is drowned by answering trippers' chestnut-tinted witicismus; in herself a tender, beautiful creature, her contact with man is usually fraught with vulgarity. Poor, poor Echo, so easily led astray!

This is a commercial age, and although slavery has been abolished, the Love of Narcissus has been trapped and made the plaything of man; and she is worth—how much? Travellers from Glenariff to Killarney pass her hiding-place—her "airy shell"—as they drive opposite Eagle Crag; the cornet-player tortures her for his benefit, and collects pence from the wayfarers during the days of summer. The following day the tourists on tour number one—or is it two?—meet her again at the self-same spot: a gun is fired and terrified Echo shrieks in affright, and a collection is made ere her last weird cry has died away in the distance.

Had we statistics at hand relating to the number of visitors that yearly devote three days to Killarney's lake, we would produce some statements with regard to Echo's price that would be more provocative of eye-opening than anything the specialists of Harley Street can devise. Undoubtedly the sum poor Echo yearly garners for her masters is a goodly one, though nothing to what it would be if visitors were brought to the spot singly, and not in battalions as they are. No one can resist putting an echo to the test; so no better means of discovering whether anyone is ponurious or not can be devised than to take the suspected individual to the neighbourhood of one, and then observe his demeanour when the guide informs the company at large that a small fee of sixpence is charged for firing off the cannon. Does he look in the opposite direction, or affect an interest in the guide-book that that volume does not call for, then does he mark himself down as a miser; but should he with some feeble joke and shame-faced glance produce the necessary coin, know him as a fool. The proper attitude to affect, under the circumstances, is undoubtedly a difficult one to arrive at, and would suggest a subject for a summer competition. Echoes are perchance usually hibernating creatures.

The voyager to the Grottoes of Ifan—where there is a famous echo, to awaken which an extra charge is made by the noble proprietor—is at once placed at his ease by this fee. Should he not feel that he will derive sufficient benefit from the echo to warrant an expenditure of a couple of francs, he says so when about to leave the caverns, and in company with his fellow-explorers, is ferried across the river and out of the cave, and is landed at the exit. Having thus marooned him, so to speak, the guides return with their freight of echo-lovers and honeymooners, and vanish into the welcome darkness. Small children, seemingly anxious to get away, or get the marooned and solitary individual away, proffer their services to guide him across the intervening fields to civilisation and Cook; mayhap he lingers overlong at the case of photographs, in which case his deliberations are rudely disturbed by a roar followed by reverberations protracted and lusty, then he who has no soul for echoes starts violently, and with a goodly smile walks towards the village chinking his saved francs. Poor man, he pities the honeymooners who have paid the fee for the echo enjoyed by him for nothing—as if they paid two francs for a mere echo!

The artificial echo wears a uniform, and is usually found lurking in exhibition-ground in the neighbourhood of canvas that, chameleon-like, varies its subject from year to year, from the Himalayas to Windsor Castle, from Heidelberg to Niagara. He is accompanied by a cornet, which, if it could speak, would evince surprise when called upon to perform the part of Echo, as accustomed is it to reeling off the "Lost Chord" as a solo and a nuisance. Sometimes the artificial echo is ununiformed and gives rise to a variety of anecdotes and a plentiful crop of "horse-chestnuts." "Are you there?" shouted the Marquis de la R——, whilst his Majesty listened for the expected repetition; but, alas! the reply came back clear and strong, "Yes, my Lord, and have been since twelve o'clock." The *dramatis personae* taking part in this story vary considerably. To-morrow "his Majesty" may give way to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, yesterday he represented Xerxes, some day his Majesty of Germany may figure in his place, and apropos, the man who repeats himself is not necessarily an echo.

He would be an unwise man who stated where the finest echo in the world is situated, for there are even more absolutely unique echoes than there are smallest churches in England, which is saying a great deal. The echo at the Castle of Simonetta, some two miles from Milan, has some claims, however, to the title of champion, its speciality being the repetition of a pistol report. The fire of a pistol at this favoured spot will hear the report repeated sixty times, if that is any satisfaction. The echo has not yet been utilised for domestic purposes, but what a treasure such an echo would be to the housewife afflicted with a forgetful servant—and who is not? She would give an order once, and the echo would repeat it sixty times; the most heedless servant could not evade the impression.

The echo that can be conjured up from the cross-beams of the Menai Bridge is probably one of the finest in the British Isles, and we are not unmindful of the echo outside Shipton Church, in Sussex, which, it is said, can echo

twenty syllables with absolute ease; or the Woodstock echo, which is good for fifty repetitions. In the case of the Menai Bridge the sound of a hammer striking one of the main piers is returned from each of the cross-beams supporting the roadway, and also from the opposite pier, a distance of 576 feet, together with numerous subsidiary echoes between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds. It is said that an echo in the garden of the Tuilleries can repeat a whole verse without the loss of a single syllable—particulars regarding the name of that echo and the length of the verse are wanting.

It is a strange fact that to show off an echo at its best it is necessary to humour it and play up to its little foibles, of which poor Echo has no end. To strike the Castle of Simonetta with a hammer would probably be to court failure and an action for damages; while to fire a pistol at the Menai Bridge would assuredly produce an echo in the local police court, computed at forty shillings and costs. At the Pantheon, Roine, Echo responds graciously to two methods of arousing her. You can either strike together the palms of your hands, or the guide can strike the flap of his coat, and Echo will oblige with a noise calculated at usurious rates of interest. Indeed it is estimated that a twelve-pound cannon would have to be let off outside to produce the same effect—economical echo! The echo in the cave of Smellin near Viborg, in Finland, however, is not so complaisant; we have no personal bias against this echo, and we are loth to libel her, but if report speaks true the best effect in this instance can only be obtained by throwing a cat or dog in, when a screaming echo lasting some minutes will follow. In the early seventeenth century a certain form of versification, written on the following lines, was somewhat popular—

Now, Echo, on what's religion grounded?
Roundhead!
Whose its professors most considerable?
Rabble!

Or, to quote another example—

Who curbs his appetite's a fool.
Ah, fool!
I do not like this abstinence.
Hence!
My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Swine!

Were we, therefore, to put the query to the echo of Viborg, "This report—is it not true?" we are afraid that Echo might be tempted to evade the truth by a mere repetition, on the lines of the above verses, of the last two words. At Carisbrooke Castle, if a pin is dropped into a certain well, although the level of the water is 170 ft. from the ground-level, the sound of the splash can be distinctly heard. What an example this is to the Viborg echo!

"It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of the Basses Pyrénées, speaking of an echo that lurks on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo gets a Spanish accent." Comment is superfluous.

The ancient custom regarding the annual killing of fat bucks for the civic officials of London will be observed as usual at this time by the Keeper of Bushey Park. Evidence of the practice can be traced back to a period earlier than the year A.D. 1101.

A rival to the late Captain Webb has appeared in the person of a Mr. Holmes, of Birmingham, who proposes to swim the Channel. Mr. Holmes is in active training, and is confident that his attempt, if favoured by fine weather, will be successful. He has had several practice swims in the Channel.

On the evening of July 28 the great German Gymnastic Gathering at Hamburg came to a close. The events had numbered 128, and great enthusiasm prevailed when the prizes (oak wreaths) were distributed to the successful competitors. A torchlight procession in which about 4000 torch-bearers took part paraded the city and was watched by a huge concourse of people.

On July 28 at Herne Bay the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and their daughter, laid the foundation-stone of a new church. The building, which will be dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, is situated in Brunswick Square. The Bishop of Dover delivered an address. After the ceremony the Lord and Lady Mayoress were entertained at the Pier Pavilion.

The Indian Heroes Fund, of which her Majesty the Queen is a patron, has now reached the sum of £2408. The fund is destined for the relief of all native soldiers disabled and of the relatives of those killed in our frontier campaigns. Among the recent subscribers occur the names of the Duke and Duchess of York. Various City Companies have also subscribed.

The results in the Oxford Final School of Literæ Humaniores were published on July 28. Among those who obtained a First Class there was a notable proportion of Scotsmen. The two "Firsts" which fell to Christ Church were taken by men from the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen. The representatives of Trinity in the same class also hailed from north of the Tweed.

Engineers have now begun the preliminary arrangements for a new underground railway between Waterloo and Baker Street. The proposed line will run under the Thames near Charing Cross, and its southern terminus will be close to that of the recently opened line to the City. It is calculated that about four years will be required for the construction of the railway, the motive power of which will be electricity.

The two-months-old Association for Befriending Boys from Poor Law Schools is already doing active work. A memorandum is being circulated among guardians who have the prosperity of the boys at heart, inviting them to co-operate. West London is to be divided into about thirty areas, which will be looked after by visitors, who will give the boys the help and advice they stand in need of.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

There are probably very few towns of barely three years old (even out in the Far West, where the genus mushroom city has its existence) that can show such marvellously rapid growth for so short a space of time as Rossland.

The town is a good specimen of the mining camps of British Columbia, and though not yet quite so "rapid" as many a place its equal in size across the American side of the boundary, is a bustling little town, all things considered. Although it was three o'clock in the morning when we arrived, the whole place seemed to be wide awake as though it had been six in the evening; bars, saloons, and supper-rooms were still open, and apparently doing a flourishing trade, whilst along the principal streets every shop had its electric lights full on. It was a striking and unexpected transition from the tedious railway journey. I got comfortable rooms at the Allan House Hotel, and was not unthankful to learn that even at that advanced hour of the night I could, if I so desired, partake of "lunch" before going to bed. (Oh, these delightful Americanisms!)

The camp on a bright spring morning, with its background of snow-capped mountains towering above its picturesque streets, is certainly a very cheerful-looking place, and presents a busy and flourishing appearance that seems to augur well for the immediate future. I may here explain that the word "camp" out in these parts is an elastic term, which may be used to convey several meanings—in fact, anything in the way of a mining settlement, from a single log-built "shack" to an old-established town of several thousand inhabitants.

As is the case in all these new towns, wood is exclusively employed for building purposes at Rossland, and, considering the enormous risk of fire, one is somewhat surprised at this in a country where stone is so easily obtainable. I may add here incidentally that the fire brigade in these parts is almost always composed of volunteers; and in connection with this it is of interest to mention that not a single house in any of the wooden towns I visited was insured, as no insurance company will take the risk. Large fire-proof cellars are excavated in several parts of the town, and at the slightest fear of a big conflagration, valuables and papers are stored in them.

As may be imagined, the actual attractions of so new a place as Rossland were soon exhausted. A stroll up the principal street, a visit to the inevitable club, and a cocktail at the principal saloon finished all the actual town had to show. At night, amusement was still more curtailed, as there was no theatre (there was one of a sort, but even it was not open at the time of my visit), and social life resolved itself into card-playing at the club or a chat at a friend's bungalow.

The real "lions" of Rossland are its big mines on the hill just outside the town. Several of them are already beyond the initial stage, and have settled down into steady dividend-paying concerns, into which the element of uncertainty that one usually associates with a mining venture scarcely enters. The most successful of these mines are situated on what is known locally as the Red Mountain, and judging from the developments up to the present time, this Red Mountain well deserves an appellation which has a metallic ring about it, for it appears to be almost a mountain of mineral wealth: gold, silver, and copper, in combination with sulphides, etc., are there in such huge quantities that in many instances tunnelling or shafting has to be made through what is practically solid metal. Among so many big undertakings it is somewhat invidious to choose, but up to the present the famous Le Roi Mine (recently acquired by the British America Corporation) is admittedly the finest of its class in the country; and judging alone from the enormous sums its fortunate shareholders have already received in dividends, this is probably the case. Up to the present date the Le Roi has paid \$800,000 in dividends, of which \$400,000 were paid in 1897.

Unless one was personally interested in mining, there was but little to tempt one to pay more than a flying visit to Rossland, where almost the sole topic of conversation from morning till night is "ledges" or "ore-shoots," and subjects for one's pen or pencil were almost nonexistent, as may be imagined. I was not sorry, therefore, when an opportunity offered for an excursion to a neighbouring camp in a district known as "Sophie Mountain." Although only some ten miles distant, a range of snow-covered mountains 6000 ft. high had to be crossed, so the trip promised to be an interesting and novel one.

An early start was made one fine morning. We were a party of four, mounted on the wiry little horses known out here as "cayuses" and were soon galloping merrily along the muddy track leading from the town. Snow had disappeared from the valley, and all looked bright and springlike; but as we ascended the scene gradually changed, and we found ourselves returning to winter, till at last deep snow surrounded us on all sides. The trail meanwhile became so steep that the journey was becoming very interesting, not to say exciting. Now along the very verge of a precipice on frozen snow, where the slightest mistake of our horses would mean catastrophe, then through dense pine-forests looking black and sepulchral in contrast to the dead white of the snow, and with here and there the well-defined trail of a mountain lion or bear to arouse one's sporting instincts. At some places the narrow track became so steep that it was wonderful how our horses kept their foothold on the treacherous surface. It certainly was perilous work, and we all had narrow escapes from serious accident. The ascent to the summit seemed interminable, and the worst part had yet to come. The going up was bad, but the descent on the other side was ten times worse. To ride was impossible, so it meant leading the horses the whole way down, with the risk of them falling on one at any awkward place. Several times I missed the trail and found myself floundering up to my chin almost in the soft snow, fully expecting to find my horse plunging in on top of me as I pulled myself out by means of the stirrup-leathers. To the snow succeeded a sticky semi-liquid mud, which was, if anything, more difficult to get through. If we had not been hampered with our horses we should have had much less trouble; as it was, it certainly was an ill-timed expedition. We at length reached the camp, luckily without mishap.

(To be continued.)



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: A TRIP TO SOPHIE MOUNTAIN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price,

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.

PORTAIT PAINTED SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY HANS SCHADOW.

See Supplement.

T H E S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N W A R.



THE FIGHT AT SIBONEY.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is not detracting from the merits of M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" to say that it was directly inspired by Dumas's "Three Musketeers." It is not undervaluing Dumas's work to say that his direct and lineal successor as playwright is, if not a greater craftsman from the scenic point of view, unquestionably a greater poet than he was. I, of course, use the word "poet" in the strictly conventional sense in this instance. M. Rostand has been Benvenuto Cellini in words. Dumas would have been the first to acknowledge it, just as he was the first to acknowledge Hugo's superiority over him in that respect. It will make the task of M. Rostand's translator—there can be no question of adapting—all the more difficult, if what I hear be true that Sir Henry Irving has bought the English rights of "Cyrano," and intends to produce it at the Lyceum at a period not yet fixed. There will not be the same difficulty with regard to "The Three Musketeers," two English versions of which, I am told, are practically underlined for almost immediate production—namely, one by Mr. Sydney Grundy, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will represent our old friend d'Artagnan; the other by Mr. Henry Hamilton, in which Mr. Lewis Waller will impersonate the "Fourth Musketeer."

For, after all, d'Artagnan is only the "fourth Musketeer," and considering the important part he plays both in the novel and in the piece, it is, to say the least, somewhat curious that his presence should have been virtually ignored in the title, which was not even "The Three Musketeers," but simply "Athos, Porthos, and Aramis." "What in the name of goodness is this?" asked Perré, the director of the *Sicile*, when Dumas brought him the novel and he glanced at the superscription. "That," replied Dumas, "is that the story of three musketeers of the time of Louis XIII., and everything leads me to believe that they will become very celebrated." "With these names?" "Yes, with these names." "I fancy you are mistaken. Don't give your novel that title. The public would fail to understand. Your heroes, you say, are three musketeers. Well, call your story 'The Three Musketeers.'" "That's all very well," objected the novelist, "but there happen to be four; there is d'Artagnan, and it would be impossible to call the story 'The Four Musketeers.'" Perré reflected for a moment. "There's only one way out of it," he said finally. "You promise the public three musketeers, and you give them four. They'll have no reason to complain. So I am going to tear up your 'Athos, Porthos, and Aramis,' and the announcement—the preliminary advertisement—will only mention 'The Three Musketeers.'"

"D'Artagnan was the fourth wheel on the coach," said Dumas one day in my hearing; "but I doubt if the coach would have been able to roll along without him." We feel certain that it would not. The Gascon cadet will probably live longer than any hero of French romance, longer even than Cyrano de Bergerac, albeit that the latter in real life was much more wonderful than the former. So wonderful, in fact, that apart from the delightful and beautiful verse M. Rostand has put upon his lips, he (M. Rostand) had all his work to tone him down; while on the other hand, Dumas created an entirely new d'Artagnan.

That is where the elder Dumas remains perhaps the greatest master of all semi-historical novelists, Walter Scott included. His collaborators brought him real men: he converted them into heroes and demi-gods. D'Artagnan painted from life would have been only moderately interesting. Like most of his countrymen, he was fond of adventures, brave to a fault, and always ready to draw. But he was neither the charming poet nor the truly romantic hero Cyrano de Bergerac was in everyday life. He had his love affairs; poor Cyrano in reality had none; his nose was the formidable obstacle—

Regarde-moi, mon cher, et dis quelle espérance
Pourrait bien me laisser cette protubérance!

he exclaims to his friend Le Bret. D'Artagnan was better off in that respect, and to his cost; for by his own admission his wife—tell it not in Gath—was jealous, and played the spy upon him. "There were frequent 'alarums and excursions'" (il y eut souvent *grâbages*), he writes in his "Mémoires," for he does not deny having been very attentive to a certain *grande dame* whom he presents to us under the pseudonym of Madamo de Vinteville.

To equalise the game, d'Artagnan accused his jealous spouse of having a lover, and she, furious at the slur cast upon her fidelity, retired to a convent. "That is how most marriages succeed," he writes philosophically; for d'Artagnan, although he had not sat at the feet of Gassendi like Cyrano, was also a philosopher. "I got married like most men," he writes; "for although, as most people agree, it appears a foolish thing to do—an opinion with which I cordially agree—it is at any rate a piece of folly which it is permissible to commit once in life."

That was the kind of character Auguste Macquet, who had been a professor of history, unearthed for Dumas to work upon. That collaboration I have heard often discussed, and could I find room for it, it would furnish the most amusing chapter of anecdotal literary history that was ever written. Macquet at that time lived at Bougival, Dumas at the mansion he built for himself at St. Germain, and which he called "Monte-Cristo." Every day, and as a rule, a dozen times a day, a messenger started from Monte-Cristo to Bougival, or the reverse, with fragments of chapters in his pockets and short notes in his hand. Here are transcriptions from the bits of paper: "And d'Artagnan? Has he returned from England?" "Not yet; he is coming back to-day." "I have made up my mind. I'll have Louis XIV. arrested." "Louis XIV. arrested? You can't be serious! Consider the thing again! The Roi-Soleil arrested! It seems a mad exploit!" "Trust to me, Bragelonne will get us out of the mess!" And so forth all day long, and for seven days in the week. We need not wonder that the whole thing lives. These men wrote as much to amuse themselves as to amuse us.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Cheess Editor*.

A II L HARTING (Stafford).—Thanks; it shall be examined.

G J JOHNSON (Cobham).—Received with thanks.

II GREENWELL (Newcastle).—We hope to find your contribution a very acceptable one.

W H GUNDEY.—Problem-composing always affords some opportunity of cultivating the virtue of patience. Yours will, no doubt, be duly rewarded. Thanks for further problems.

G H C FULLHAM.—None of nothing nearer than the British Chess Club, 11 St. George's, in St. James's Street.

MAG. NOLAN (Dublin).—If you look again you will see White's second move is not K to E 6th (ch), but K to B 6th (ch), and the mate is given by either Knight or Queen.

REV. E MIDDELMIST.—Marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEM NO. 2810 received from Fred Long (Santino, Chile); of Nos. 2825 and 2826 from C A M (Penang); of No. 2830 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2831 from Captain A J Challice (Great Yarmouth); Emile Frau (Lyons), Major Nangle (Dublin), J F Moon, C H A and A J A (Hampstead), R Wortes (Canterbury), R Nugent (Southwark), W M Young, O Lill (Grangley), and G II Bowden (Reigate).

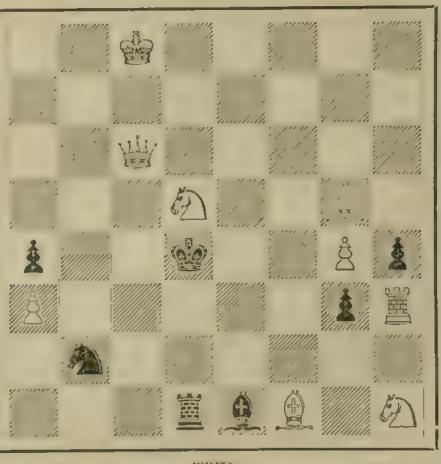
CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEM NO. 2831 received from E B Ford (Cheltenham), Edie (Corbridge), F J Catty (Norwood), S Davis (Finsbury), Arthur Fountain Penruddick (Glasgow), G E Peruccini, Esquerson, J Hall, O Higgins (Camberwell), T Roberts, Thomas Charlton (Liphook), C M A B, Sorrento, Captain Spencer, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H Le Jeune, E J Winter-Wood (Bairdstone), Miss D Gregson (Woodhall), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Henry Orme (Bristol), O Robinson, Street (Hunstanton Chess Club), Julius Richter (Brunn), T C D (Dublin), Alpha, H S Bradforth, Shadforth, Albert Wolff (Leeds), Dr. J Bailey (Newark), W O A Barnard (Uppington); John G Lord (Castleton), R P J (Swansea), Emile Frau (Lyons), T H Paiker (Brighton), and J F Moon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2831.—By D. G. LAWS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 6th Any more
2. Mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2831.—By G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.

BLACK.

WHITE. BLACK.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. TARRASCH and MARCO.

(Petroff Defence)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. M.) WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 18. P to Q 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt takes P
A somewhat powerful attack may generally be obtained by P to Q 4th by P to Q 5th.4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

The Knight may be easily supported by P to Q 4th, which is better for more than one reason. It also opens the way for B to Q 3rd.

7. Castles Castles
8. P to K B 3rd B to K 3rd
9. P to B 4th P to B 3rd
10. Kt to Kt 5th Kt to K 3rd
11. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to B 2nd

It was not good to play Kt to B 3rd at this stage, having done so, the best continuation was Kt to Kt 5th, followed by P to B 4th.

12. P to B 6th P to K 1:3d
13. Kt to K B 3rd Q to B sq
14. Q to B 2nd P to K sq
15. P to K B 5th B to Q 2nd
16. B to B 4th P to Q Kt 4th
17. P to Q Kt 3rd P to B 3rd

This was not good to play Kt to B 3rd at this stage, having done so, the best continuation was Kt to Kt 5th, followed by P to B 4th.

18. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 4th
19. Kt to K 2nd Castles Q R
20. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Kt 2nd
21. P to Q, B 3rd Threatening R to Kt sq, etc.22. P to Kt Kt 3rd Kt to B 4th
23. Q to B 5th P to B 3rd
24. Kt to Kt 4th P takes P
25. Q takes P R takes P (ch)

The last few moves are very effective. Now if Q takes K, P to B 7th (ch), and mate follows in two or three moves.

Another game in the Tournament between Messrs. SHOWALTER and TARRASCH.

(Guy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. T.) WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 14. P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 15. Q takes P B to Kt 4th
3. Kt to Kt 5th Kt to K 3rd 16. P to K 4th B takes P
4. Castles Kt to K 3rd
5. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt Kt P takes B
8. P takes P Kt to Kt 2nd
9. Q to Kt 1:3d Kt to B 4th

Moved 1 to 9 on both sides is very familiar. Here we are however introduced to a notion not as well known.

10. Kt to Q 4th B to K 3rd
11. Q to Kt 4th Kt takes P
12. Q takes Kt P to K B sq
13. K takes Kt Kt to K 3rd
14. Kt to B 6th

This would be excellent if Black would not eat White's Queen and be mated. P to K B 6th is good, as is Kt to Kt 3rd. Kt takes Kt, B P takes Kt; 13. Q takes P (ch) followed by B to K 6th later.

15. Q takes P B to K 6th
16. P to K 4th Kt to K 3rd
17. Kt to K 2nd Castles Q R
18. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Kt 2nd
19. P to Q, B 3rd Threatening R to Kt sq, etc.20. P to Kt Kt 3rd Kt to B 4th
21. Q to B 5th P to B 3rd
22. Kt to Kt 4th P takes P
23. Q takes P R takes P (ch)

Very pretty. If either Kt or K takes R, the Queen is lost.

24. Kt to Kt 5th P to B 4th
25. Kt to Kt 4th Q takes Q
26. Kt to Kt 3rd Q takes Q
27. Kt to Kt 2nd White resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The habit of using water-gas by way of enriching the illuminating power of ordinary coal-gas is now very largely practised. I suppose there is no doubt that the addition of water-gas does increase the light, but there are certain disadvantages attending the use of this gas which threaten to prove highly injurious to the health of the community. Hence it is gratifying to find that a definite pronouncement has been made on this subject by the Public Control Committee of the London County Council, and it is well that readers should know the risks they run in towns where water-gas is added to coal-gas, and also that their attention should be called to the best means to be employed by way of preventing disasters. The complaint which may justly be brought, in many cases, against corporations or allied bodies is that they supply water-gas with coal-gas without duly warning the consumers. I may be wrong, but I fancy that in many a town in which water-gas is used the public at large are unaware of the fact. No official notice has been issued, and where fatalities or accidents occur to the users of the mixed gas I should regard the authorities as morally responsible therefor. At the very least every consumer should be plainly informed that where water-gas is supplied as part of the common illuminant of a town he must take precautions to avoid risk of accident.

Now the Public Control Committee of the London County Council is a body which possesses the advantage of having the best professional opinion at its beck and call, and we may therefore note, and remember with interest, the conclusions at which the experts have arrived on this water-gas question. The Committee, first of all, note the fact that considerable danger arises when coal-gas has water-gas added to it by way of enriching its illuminant qualities. This primary declaration disposes of the attempt made to pooh-pooh the question of danger. Wherever water-gas is used, there is an element introduced into our homes which is apt to play us false unless its supply and usage are duly regulated. The second item on the Public Control Committee's list is equally important. Water-gas has no smell. If it escapes it contributes to the air a highly poisonous element without giving warning of its presence. It is different with coal-gas. An escape of ordinary gas soon makes itself known to us, and the smell of the gas is in itself a warning. In the case of water-gas it is not surprising to find the declaration that non-carburetted and non-odorised water-gas should not be allowed to be used under any conditions (the italics are mine), for the reason that its escape affords no indication of danger. Under conditions in which there may be an odour of, say, another gas, or gases, it may be different. The pure gas is odourless, and is therefore, in event of escape, necessarily a subtle destroyer of life.

The proportion of water-gas which should be used in the enrichment of coal-gas is set down at a maximum of 23 per cent. When coal-gas is thus added to, it corresponds in respect of its poisonous nature to the Dowson gas, which is largely used for heating and engine purposes. It is added that the use of this gas would exclude that of carburetted water-gas. Finally comes the practical application of these declarations, to the effect that whenever water-gas is to be introduced as part of a "poisonous enriched gas," every gasfitting, and every pipe used in the household supply, should be thoroughly inspected. This inspection, it is recommended, should be made by a responsible officer, acting under the orders of the local authority, and the cost of such inspections, it is added, should be borne by the gas company. I think these are highly reasonable recommendations. If ordinary coal-gas is not sufficient as a heating and illuminating agent (I can testify to the growing feeble character of ordinary gas everywhere), and if it is to be "enriched" with water-gas till it becomes a very "poisonous" agent, then let those responsible for the enrichment be required to see to the efficiency of our ordinary service-pipes as a necessary item in ensuring the public safety. In face of the risks we seem to run from this move on the part of gas companies, it is to be devoutly hoped that the price of the electric light will shortly be reduced, so that we may rejoice in the possession of an innocuous ray.

I note that the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park have acquired specimens of that curious fish the *Cratodus*, the "Barramunda" or "native salmon" of Australia. The interest attaching to this fish is founded on the fact that it is a link between the water-living and land forms. It possesses gills and lungs both, and is an ally of the curious mudfishes found in the Gambia and Amazon. The gills of the fish are of the ordinary type, but the organ known as the air-bladder in other fishes is converted into lungs, which take their share in the work of purification of the blood. The lungs of all animals represent an evolution of the air-bladder of the fish. In ordinary fishes the air-bladder is used for the purpose of altering the specific gravity of the animals, and of enabling them to rise or sink in the water. In certain fishes the air-bladder may be rudimentary, while in others it is altogether wanting.

"You are all right, dear," said a lady in my hearing the other day to her daughter who was departing by train, "for you can always pull the communication-cord if anything goes wrong!" And then I looked at the cord when I got into my carriage and, found it outside, running along the roof-edge of the carriage, while the usual notice informed me that only the cord on the right-hand side facing the engine could be employed to attract the notice of the driver and guard. How a lady could reach this cord, especially if she happened to be placed in the unenviable position of having to struggle with somebody in the act of getting at it, I leave for railway men to explain. Hence I rejoice to see that the Board of Trade is calling the attention of railways to this matter, and is wished that all trains should be provided with an efficient calling apparatus. The Chatham and Dover and South Eastern Lines adopt an electrical communication between the carriages. This is a step towards the solution of an important social problem.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

LADIES' PAGE.

Those of my readers who propose to display the charms of Englishwomen on foreign *plages* are hereby affectionately begged by their humble servant, the present writer, to take over some really pretty clothes. At every French



A NEAT COSTUME IN PLAIN CLOTH.

watering-place of any pretensions there is an element that is absent in English ones—a sort of promiscuous society—afforded by the Casino. One need not—and indeed, of course, would not—make any sort of acquaintance there without formal introduction, but everybody sees all the rest of the visitors there, and friends make it a meeting-place; and altogether it is proper to have two or three nice *demi-toilettes* to appear at the concerts and other gatherings in, so as to prevent the pitying and scornful supposition that English girls do not know how to dress. It is really bad taste for a young man to go to a Casino clad in his rough golf or cycling suit, when he will be amongst a crowd of elegant Frenchwomen in costumes suitable for indoor wear on a hot evening. Nor is it pleasant to perceive a handsome, blooming fellow countrywoman walking about amidst those same well-dressed natives in a blue serge, dragged round the feet with the dampness of the morning sands, and topped by a sunburnt sailor hat.

Yet to don a positive evening dress is worse taste still. What you will want is the sort of dress that you would wear at a smart garden-party or at dinner at home. It is not impossible to meet the exigencies of the case with a dress that will also be fit for outdoor wear. On the plank walk of Trouville or the asphalt of Ostend one sees frocks that afterwards look all right in the Casino. I have just seen, for instance, a bright blue thin cloth, made with a short and natty coat, a full flounce headed with black passementerie, and lined with red silk that just shows as the wearer moves; a red vest for day wear, and a black and white chiffon and lace one for the Casino in the evening. This dress for double use did not look amiss. Another, a blue voile dress, was lined with rose-pink silk, and worn over a petticoat of a deeper pink, the petticoat being in fact the loose lining of the gown; the simply cut coat was fastened on to the rose-pink surah vest by a large and very handsome enamel button at either side. This was also sufficiently suitable for the evening wear for which it was taken sometimes to the Casino. That is to say, these were specimens of possible garments. But it is far better to take a special gown there—say a muslin or grenadine dress over a light colour, with a high neck, mind—then a blouse or two of dainty effect, with sashes to correspond, makes a change for these evening gatherings.

Painted muslin, so successful for the newest gowns, is the latest rage for table centres. At a country house

dinner I saw a pretty effect produced by a centre painted with yellow irises and leaves, the lining being yellow silk and the decorations yellow Iceland poppies and grass in dark green glass vases of different heights, three of them together in the exact middle of the table, and the rest at the corners. The dessert doylies were painted to correspond, and the whole of them were the work of the daughter of the house. She tells me that she stretched her muslin in an embroidery frame, and went over the ground and the outline of the flowers first, in a casual sort of way, with thin size; after which she used ordinary water-colours. I wonder if painted lace will come in again? It may not sound artistic, but the effect is really good. The lace I had sent me on an evening gown from Paris once was the rather thick "Brabant" variety, with roses and foliage raised from the surface; the flowers, indeed, had several layers of petals, like the natural rose, and both blossoms and leaves were painted very delicately in shades of rose-pink and green.

Features of the moment are the floppy hats, bouding so low behind that if they continue to be worn the hair must be dressed low on the neck again to accommodate them—the *uncurledness* of the white ostrich feathers, more nearly resembling the plume of a cavalier in a Vandyke than the twisted modern decoration—and the invariable use by every smart woman of some sort of boa, ruffle, scarf, or other finish at the throat. Ostrich-feather boas carry the day, I think, because the lovely Princess has steadily made one look charming. They are worn quite short, not tied, just forming a frame for the face and reaching to the waist, where they can tuck into the waist-belt, "if any such there be"; or the ends can just be lightly held by one hand. But the handsome lace or dainty muslin or tulle scarf going twice round the throat and tying in a big bow is also very well worn.

Alpaca is a material that has many virtues both for our own seaside dresses and the children's. It is light, strong, comes in a large variety of good colours, and has remarkable power of "turning the dust" and keeping clean-looking. Few fabrics can compete with it in the great virtue of not soiling quickly, however light the colour. A dark blue or grey alpaca is an ideal gown for ordinary travelling in Switzerland, and if petticoats are entirely discarded and knickers of the same material as the dress, cut to fall well over the knees, are substituted for any underskirts, you will find in mountain-climbing that nobody will object or be surprised if the skirt is looped or turned up sufficiently to give freedom of movement. The less luggage taken to Switzerland the better; and a silk blouse for dinner-wear at the hotel can be added to an alpaca skirt in which the day's travelling has been done without any incongruity.

Simplicity is a virtue above all others in a travelling dress; but that this need not destroy smartness is apparent from Picard's sketches this week. There is that neat costume in plain cloth, drab or grey for choice, as most quiet and least given to showing the inevitable dust. It is absolutely devoid of trimming, the little double-breasted coat and skirt being simply decorated with three rows of stitching, those on the skirt following the outline of the basque, which is cut away on the hips. The felt hat is trimmed with upstanding bows of ribbon. The other travelling gown is even simpler. It has a semi-fitting coat stitched only twice round; on the skirt is one deep stitched tuck. The felt deer-stalker hat has spotted quills for trimming, with which the necktie may well be in harmony.

If one goes in for washing-blouses or shirts, it is imperative to have a large stock, and to be absolutely regardless of the washing-bill. Freshness is the one essential for these cheap garments; given that condition, they are the pleasantest wear for hot mornings, both to the individual who has them on and to the spectator of her appearance. But a couple of days will often take off the air of freshness, cleanliness, youth, that is the real attraction; and a tumbled, grubby aspect united with a half-crown garment is too shocking for any woman of refinement if she once realises the case. "Half-a-crown!" Well, that is perhaps a little exaggerated, yet the changes in the fashion of sleeves and so forth in the course of a year are so considerable that in the sales it has been possible to secure really nice washing-blouses at preposterous prices.

A new society that has, at any rate, an important object in view is one just formed by a body of medical men for the prevention of tuberculosis. That is, in ordinary phrase, that most deadly and detestable of diseases, that runs away with so many bright and beautiful young men and women—consumption. The present-day theory as to this is that it is spread by infection; so that the new society will no doubt seek to isolate sufferers from daily life on the plea that they are objects of injury to others. But the consequences of the belief that this is an easily communicable disease are so cruel, in the countries where it is so believed, that it is to be hoped that doctors will not exaggerate the

case. For example, George Sand tells the story of the illness of poor Chopin, in Spain, where the contagion of consumption is believed in. The doctors' statement that he was suffering from consumption "caused great consternation," and "the landlord of the little cottage that we had taken brutally ejected us, and wanted to bring an action against us for his house, which he pretended was infected." Accordingly they had to buy furniture "at three times its value," and establish themselves in an isolated and deserted convent. "There we had all the trouble in life to procure the common necessities of existence; the peasants charged us ten times the value of food, because we were at their mercy; and we could not obtain servants, since nobody would wait on a consumptive person. . . . As we were leaving our inn, the landlord demanded that we should pay for the bed in which Chopin had slept, which he said he must destroy as it was infected. . . . The climate became unbearable. We requested a simple, a last service—conveyance to transport Chopin to Palma. It was refused, though our friends all had carriages; and we were obliged to let him travel three leagues along outlandish paths in a wheelbarrow."

Now, this kind of thing is very deplorable and awful; and consumption is so long-drawn-out a misery that if people become afraid to help and wait upon the victims of it, the suffering caused will indeed be terrible. So will the doctors of the new society please take into consideration the wider questions involved, and not frighten the public needlessly? Of course, so far as infection is real, let us know it. But there are many other important points to draw attention to perhaps rather than this quite modern idea of consumption-infection. There is heredity. Above all diseases, we know this to be passed on from parent to child; so much so that it is rare, indeed, to find patients whose ancestors have not suffered; yet we hear little of the duty of consumptive young people to eschew marriage. Then a most important feature of the case is the proper ventilation of our homes.

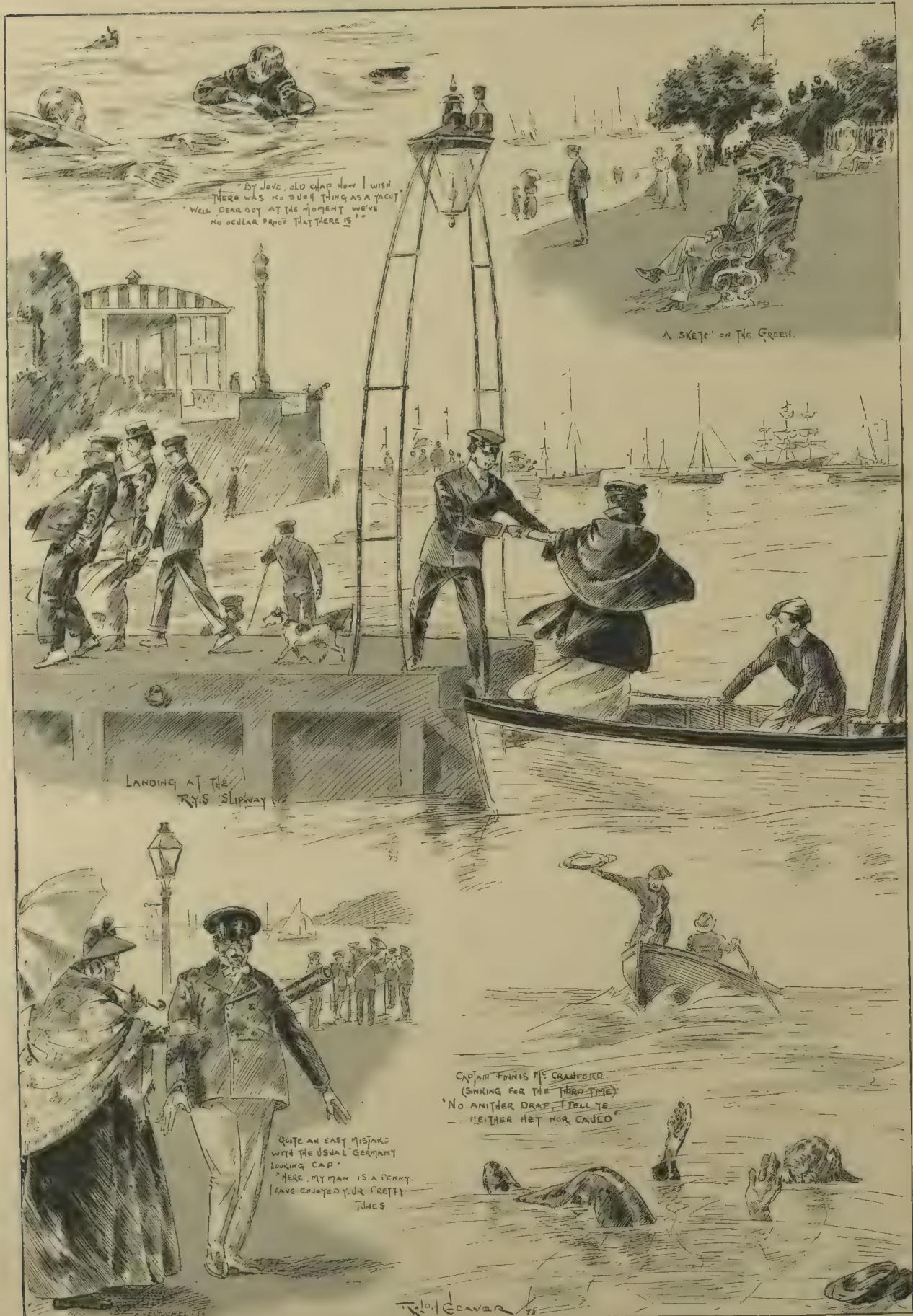
Drapery and hangings are very attractive to the eye; but they are of real mischief to health, unless they are swept back from windows to let in the sunlight, and dragged off their various perches frequently to be cleared of dust and microbes ruthlessly. How much bad and overheated air has to do with this disease is shown by the returns of the Registrar-General. Occupations such as bakers', where the atmosphere is bad, show clearly the influence of the air breathed in the production of



A TRAVELLING GOWN.

consumption. So the lesson for those housewives in whose families there is a history of this scourge is clear. It is—not so much to be frightened of infection, as to dispense with the unwholesome heavy curtains and abounding draperies, and let in to the home abundance of sunlight and constant supplies of fresh air.

FILOMENA.



SKETCHES AT COWES.

THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK. FOUNDER OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

BORN AT SCHÖNHAUSEN, APRIL 1, 1815.

DIED AT FRIEDRICHSRUH, JULY 30, 1898.

At last the breath is out of the mighty statesman, whose schemings, struggles, and achievements have so long riveted the attention not only of his own countrymen, but of all Europe, and indeed, of the whole civilised world. Weighed down by the burden of years, by the load of his unparalleled life-labours, the weary Teutonic Titan has at last gone to his rest; "home has gone, and ta'en his wages," which consist of the undying admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, to whom no one ever seemed like this man. No one, at least, since Martin Luther breathed his last; and it is a very curious coincidence that these two foremost heroes of the German nation, the Castor and Pollux, so to say, of Teutonic history, may be said to have made their first bow to their countrymen from the self-same stage. For it was in the Church of the Augustines at Erfurt that "Junker George" said his first mass; and it was in this identical edifice, where met the futile Union Parliament of 1850, that "Junker Otto" proclaimed how national unity could not be achieved. The Church of the Augustines at Erfurt was therefore the starting-point of the two epoch-making races of which the religious emancipation of Germany was the goal in one case and political unity in the other. And as "Junker George"—for by that cognomen was the monk of Erfurt known while lying *perdu* and pitching inkpots at the devil in the Wartburg—as "Junker George," I say, spent his whole life in triumphant conflict with the powers of Rome, so "Junker Otto" consumed his Titanic energies in victorious combat with the still more terrible powers of political chaos and disruption.

As the son of a humble minor, "Junker George" had nothing but his own luminous intelligence, seething logic, heroic courage, and inflexible will wherewithal to face and fight the unutterable powers of darkness. But to the same marvellous equipment for his particular life-task, "Junker Otto" added all the prestige which comes of gentle birth and breeding. Otherwise like Cromwell in so many of his methods, Bismarck was born to a social status the exact equivalent almost of that of the Huntingdonshire squire. For centuries his family, one of the oldest in the Old Mark of Brandenburg, had prefixed the nobiliary *von* to their names; but though this entitled them to rank with the aristocracy of Prussia, the Bismarcks, in reality, had much less affinity with English lords than with Scottish lairds who designate themselves as "of" (or "von") their lands, like Dugald Dalgetty "of" Drumthwacket, for example. There had been plenty of "Dugald Dalgetties," too, as well of the diplomatic as of the military kind, among the ancestors of Bismarck, in whose veins ran some of the best soldierly blood in all Prussia, including that of Field-Marshal von Berflinger, vanquisher of the Swedes. Bismarck himself, when worried and thwarted by his political foes, frequently lamented that he had never yielded to his own natural bent and become a soldier. But his youth was spent in the piping times of peace succeeding Waterloo (in the year of which, and month of April, he was born); and it was only the fact that a soldier's life offered him no more active prospect than garrison duty and drinking, in which latter accomplishment he surpassed all his peers, that made him content with carving



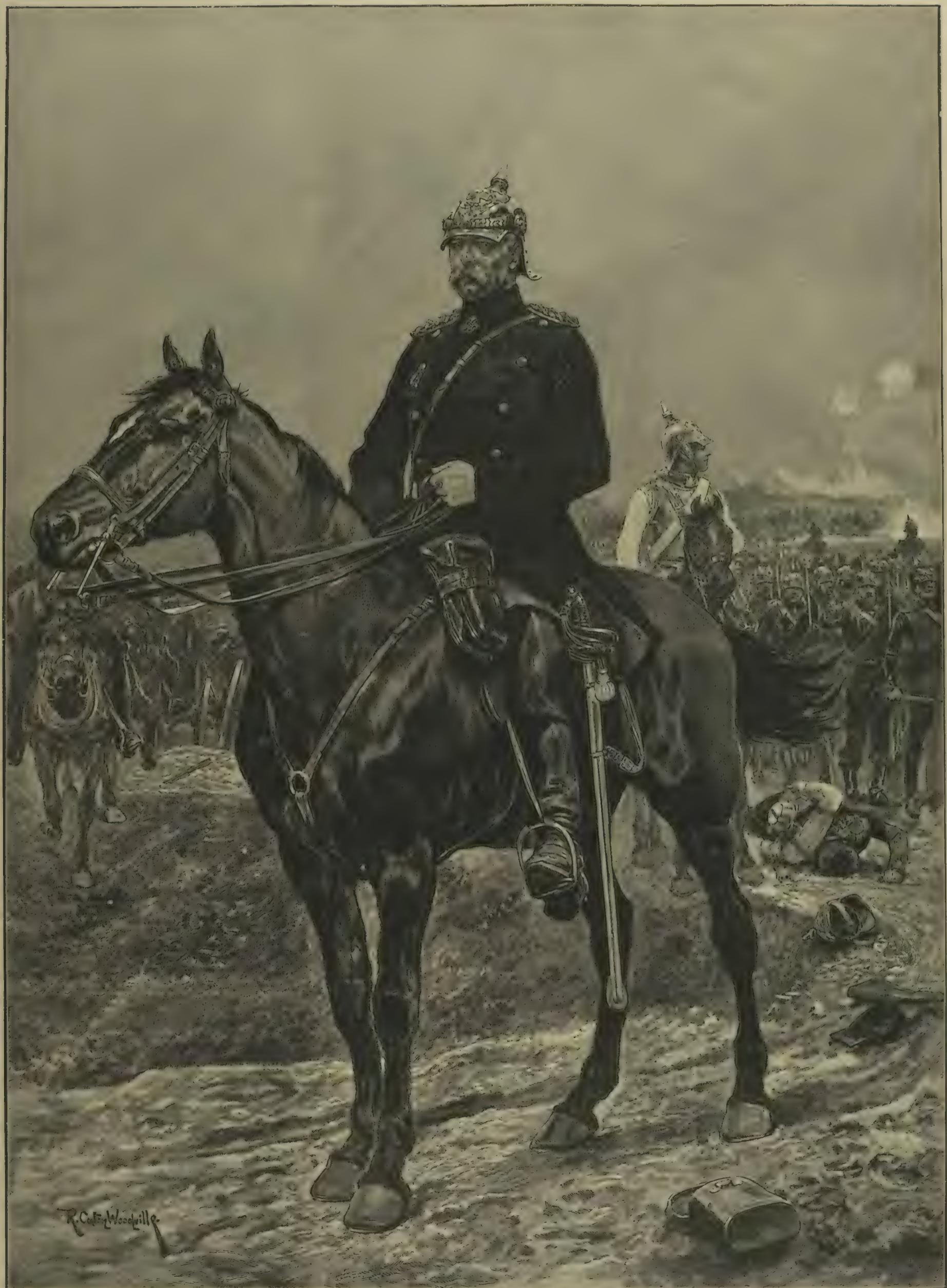
PRINCE BISMARCK: A RECENT PORTRAIT.



LOUISE WILHELMINA MENKEN, BISMARCK'S MOTHER.



BISMARCK AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.



BISMARCK: A REMINISCENCE OF SEDAN.

his military career no further than the period of his compulsory service in the Prussian army. But a life of unparalleled combat was before him all the same—a life of which the crowning honour, in his own eyes, was to be the military *Ordre pour le Mérite*, which the old Emperor, having otherwise exhausted all his fountain of honour, at last conferred upon his faithful servant for having, in his capacity as a statesman, displayed all the highest qualities of a soldier.

This life of combat began at the University of Göttingen, where Bismarck, whose youth was just as stormy as his manhood became strenuous, made a record in duelling which has never yet been bettered; and it entered the political phase with the summoning, in 1847, of what was no more than the merest apology for a Prussian Parliament—the outcome of a growing popular demand for a constitutional in lieu of an autocratic government. Bismarck deigned to accept a seat in this embryo Assembly, though only to champion the rights of the Crown as against the claims of the crowd. But his fierce opposition to the democratic spirit of the time was broken down by the outbreak of the March Revolution, and he remained little more than a sullen and disgusted spectator while the Prussian nation, along with most other German peoples, wrested a charter from their unwilling rulers. Throughout this period of constitutional struggle Bismarck's attitude was mainly negative, like Goethe's evil *Geist der stets verneint*. His sympathies were all with his Sovereign, the "people" being a something which he heartily despised and above all things distrusted. Nevertheless the people got it pretty well all their own way—all except in the very important matter of the Imperial Crown, which the King of Prussia declined to accept from a National Assembly at Frankfort; and Frederick William was mainly influenced by the arguments and the advice of Bismarck, who was now beginning to make his mark, and who scoffed at the idea of an imperial mandate derived from the people instead of from the Princes of Germany. It was not in this way, he told the Union Parliament at Erfurt, that national unity could be achieved, though the "blood and iron" method had not yet quite matured itself within his mind. But now that the various States of Germany had separately emerged successful from their constitutional struggles, the most pressing and important question of the time was that of the federation of these States in one or other firm and cohesive form.

An immense and momentous task lay before the nation, but who was to perform it? Where was the Hercules who was wanted to clean out the Augean stables of distracted Germany, and "lift her into the saddle"—for, once seated there, as Bismarck afterwards said, she would contrive to ride of herself? Here was a magnificent opportunity: where was the man that could prove equal to it? The man was already there, though known only to a discerning few, like Ulysses among the suitors; and while the opportunity was maturing, the man had time to complete his training, to act at the precise nick of time. That some high mission had been entrusted by the Spirit of History to this Brandenburg soldier-squire could surely have been doubted by none who carefully considered the stamp of his person, the strength of his character, and the varied accomplishments of his wonderful mind. Physically, he had the most striking figure of his time, towering among his countrymen as Saul did among the people; and while possessed of a constitution which neither Gargantuan living nor the labours of a Hercules could ever impair, and which was but feebly described when compared to iron, he carried upon his broad and massive shoulders a head which, for bulk and magnificent form, was positively new to admiring phrenologists. And if his constitution was of iron, his will was of adamant. With him, to resolve was to do; and, right or wrong, he knew no turning. Probity, the soul of honour, purity of private life, and flaming patriotism were also his. At the University he had never been known to study, yet he had more German history in his capacious head than all the Professors of the Fatherland rolled into one. Prussia to him was the first and most faultless country in the universe; and Austria was the worst, simply because it arrogated to itself priority of place among the German peoples. As in the previous century England and France had fought desperately with each other for supremacy in North America, so Prussia and Austria were now jealous rivals for the hegemony of the Germanic Confederation; and it gradually became clear to the mind of Bismarck that this was a question which could not be settled by protocols, conferences, diplomacy, or Parliamentary debates, but "*fiero et igni*," or, as he afterwards phrased it, by blood and iron. Nevertheless, while sternly resolved that Austria should never even hold a *primus inter pares* position within the Teutonic pale as compared with Prussia, it was some considerable time before he came to the conclusion that the cancer which was eating into the very vitals of the Germanic Confederation, the rotting old carcass that it was, must be combated, not by cauterising and the application of palliating poultice, but by the excising knife. And during the time which it took to mature this resolution of his, he had studied the question carefully from every point of view. First as Prussian representative at the Frankfort Diet, where he spent seven years and distinguished himself as a masterly writer of despatches; and then at St. Petersburg and Paris successively as the diplomatic surveyor of his country.

Two things had now been completed: the training of Bismarck and the reorganisation of the Prussian army; not is it too much to say that such a match-making man and such a fighting machine had never before been found in conjunction since Cesar fell upon the steps of the Capitol. One hand was the artificer, the other his hammer, head and hand being allied to perfection; and both together formed the instrument for welding the fabric of German unity on anvils that were successively furnished by Denmark, Austria, and France. Anvil after

anvil yielded to the thundering blows that were rained upon them with lightning speed; but the terrific clanking of Thor's tremendous hammer never ceased till his field-forgé had parted with its last bar of glowing metal, and he had fashioned it into a fair imperial crown. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the whole world had such a series of dramatic and momentous events been crowded into an equal space of time; and Europe looked on, helpless, breathless, and spellbound, while the Prussian army, which had proclaimed the mission of its virtual master at the redoubts of Düppel and on the field of Sadowa, became merged in the victorious German host which sang an enthusiastic paean to the final unity of the Fatherland on the heights of Sedan. All this, too, had only been the work of about eight short years; for it was in September 1862 that King William summoned Bismarck from Paris to Berlin to present him with a ministerial portfolio; and in January 1871 Bismarck was able to return the compliment by summoning King William, so to speak, from Berlin to Paris to present him with an imperial crown. On January 18, 1701, the Electorate of Brandenburg had been converted into the Kingdom of Prussia; and on the hundred and seventieth anniversary of this event the Kingdom of Prussia had virtually been converted into the German Empire. That the deliberate hand of God was in all this was never doubted by the pious Emperor-King; but it was equally clear to him that it was his Chancellor who had been made the chief instrument of the divine will—his Chancellor, aided by such

unconscious master—yet all for his good and the greatness of his country.

Under the guidance of Bismarck, William I. was simply as clay in the hands of a potter; and perhaps this subserviency of his Majesty to the will of his Minister was even more marked after he had become Kaiser than when he had been merely King. The truth is that while the Emperor was ruler *in*, his Chancellor was ruler *of* Germany: for it never seemed to occur to the simple old monarch that the qualities required to found an Empire might not exactly be the same as those demanded for the governing of it. Was the fact that Bismarck had always proved infallible and successful, so far, not a pledge that he would continue to be so in the future? So it seemed the confiding old Kaiser, nor could the secret intrigues or open assaults of his Chancellor's foes ever for a moment shake the absolute trust which his Majesty reposed in the real founder of the Empire.

That Empire, though now built up, required to be buttressed alike against dangers from within and perils from without, and the next twenty years, therefore, found its artificer slaving away like a giant at this most arduous work of internal and external consolidation. The period in Bismarck's ministerial career from 1862 to 1866 is known as the "Conflict-Time," mainly because he then ruled without a Budget, and, in addition to his struggles with Denmark and Austria, was engaged in a constant but much less successful attempt to break the will of the Prussian Parliament. But his "conflicts" then were nothing to what they became after he had at last

"lifted Germania into the saddle," and was teaching her to ride. For out of this saddle Germany, he asserted, was in imminent danger of being again dragged by a multitude of foes. For ten long years raged, as a consequence, the *Kulturkampf*, this "battle for or against civilising light."

That "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war," was never better illustrated than in the case of the "Iron Chancellor," whose triple campaigns were outshone, as well in brilliance as in beneficence of achievement, by his Triple Alliance.

With the accession of the Emperor Frederick, Bismarck's career seemed likely to suffer some eclipse. That most picturesque and most unfortunate of men had gained from his sympathy and alliance with England certain liberal tendencies which were objects of suspicion with the stern Chancellor. An interview which Queen Victoria had with him, when her son-in-law ascended the throne, was said to have modified his feelings; and the Emperor himself never missed the opportunity of an allusion to "our great, our only Chancellor." When William II. ascended the throne, the assured follower of his grandfather's policy rather than his father's, the Chancellor's day seemed to come again. But soon the bright auspices were darkened. The Court resounded with whispers which were bound to reach the throne. The Chancellor was taking the same advantage of William the Second's youth as he had taken of William the First's age, so the critics were constantly saying. Youth is sensitive; so also is age; and the two sensitivenesses came quickly to collision. But there was nothing undignified in the terms of the letter of resignation addressed by the old Chancellor to the young Emperor, the full text of which has this week been published for the first time. "In view," he wrote, "of my attachment to the service of the Imperial House and to your Majesty, and after having accustomed myself by the habit of years to circumstances which I had hitherto considered to be permanent, it is very painful to me to abandon my old relations to your Majesty and to the whole policy of the Empire and of Prussia." From impressions he had received, he went on to say, he believed that in resigning he fulfilled the desires of the Emperor; indeed, he would earlier have quitted office had he not supposed that his Majesty wished to make use of "the experience and abilities of a faithful servant" of his predecessors. "Now that I know," he wrote in conclusion, "that your Majesty has no longer any use for these, I may retire from political life without any apprehension that my resolution may be judged inopportune by public opinion." These were rather nasty hits, no doubt, on one side and the other. But time softened all asperities; and the Emperor never lost an opportunity of sending messages of homage to the man who had done so much to make the Empire. He lived his life in quietude, surrounded by his old friends, and keen in the common interests of his daily life. The offer of a public funeral, made by the Emperor, in favour of "the dear great dead one," has been met by Count Herbert Bismarck with a statement of his father's express wish to be laid to rest on a wooded eminence at Friedrichsruh. An inscription for his tomb is published in the German Press of his own composing: "Prince von Bismarck, born April 1, 1815; died . . . A faithful German servant of Kaiser William I."

Death has come to make it certain that nothing now will ever obscure the glory of Bismarck's name, or detract from the merits of his mighty work. Even, indeed, before his fall, it was plain to the most charitable of his friends that his character was anything but perfect. For he had some of the worst qualities of the despot, being pitiless and unforgiving to his foes, coarse to his familiars, arrogant to his subordinates, and impudent to all. In his hatreds he was rancorous and unrelenting, and his personal loves were but few. His disposition was seamed by deep, if well-concealed, veins of vanity and jealousy; nor was private generosity ever a striking feature of his nature, his love of money being almost comparable to the pecuniary meanness of Marlborough, albeit he never once resorted to illegitimate or disgraceful methods for the gratification of this passion. Yet all these imperfections of his character were but as telescopic spots on the surface of the sun—a sun which had been the light and life of his countrymen for more than a quarter of a century, and which had also shed its vivifying rays over all Europe.

CHARLES LOWE.



BISMARCK: SEDAN, TWO O'CLOCK, SEPT. 1, 1870.

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REPRINTED FROM *Enquire Within*.

SIMPLE RULES FOR DYSPEPTICS. Eat slowly, and masticate the food thoroughly. Good Digestion depends equally upon what you eat and the way you eat it.

Eat plain foods rather than highly seasoned dishes, and avoid manifestly indigestible substances.

Drink very little fluid at meal times. You may satisfy your thirst with any wholesome beverage a full hour before, or three hours after partaking of food.

Take your meals regularly, as otherwise you load the Stomach with a second supply of food before the first is digested, or else leave the Stomach too long empty, allowing the *Digestive Juices* to decompose.

In the event of attacks of Indigestion and Costiveness arising, take a suitable medicine, and so avoid the Disorder becoming chronic.

After seven years' experience of the preparation known as Guy's Tonic, during which time we have on more than one occasion made use of it for our own personal benefit, and in a very large number of cases have observed its effects upon others, we are able to recommend all our readers who are afflicted with Digestive Debility to try this most successful medicine.

After careful and systematic investigations we have satisfied ourselves that Guy's Tonic contains nothing but beneficial, harmless, and eminently appropriate and skilfully compounded ingredients, so that it may be taken with confidence by every sufferer. As our readers are well aware, we never give such a recommendation as this in our columns unless we are thoroughly satisfied with the justice of our words, nor do we scruple to find fault with any preparation offered to the public which we think unworthy of its confidence.

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"Thurlby, Alford, Lincoln.
"June 15, 1898.

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"Dyspepsia and Flatulence."

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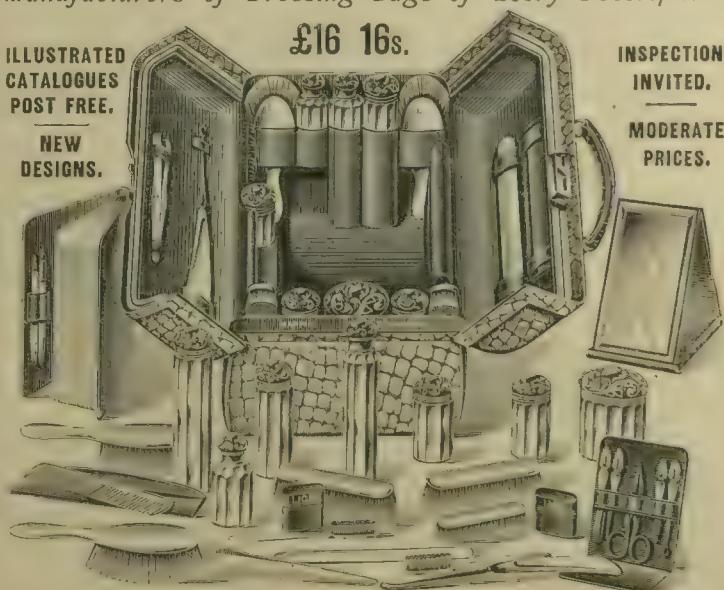
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 23, 1882) of Mr. Edmund Coulthurst, of Streatham Lodge, Streatham, and Gargrave House, Yorkshire, who died on May 6, was proved on July 21 by Joseph Arthur Burrell, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £305,411. The testator devises all his real estate to his nephew, John William Coulthurst. Subject to a legacy to his executor, he leaves all his personal property, upon trust, for his nephew, for life, and then to his eldest son, and in default thereof, upon trust for his nieces, Maud Mabella Coulthurst, for life, and then to the daughters of his nephew John William.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1885), with three codicils (dated May 27, 1889, Sept. 26, 1890, and July 30, 1894), of Mr. John Hippisley, F.R.S., D.L., J.P., of Stow Easton Park, Bath, who died on April 4, was proved in London on July 21 by Henry Edward Hippisley, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £128,260. The testator gives his furniture, effects, pictures, etc., at Stow Easton Park to his grandson, Richard John Bayntun Hippisley; £2000 each to his children, Frederic Thomas, Martha Georgina, and Richard Lionel; and £500 and the use of his house, 57, Pulteney Street, Bath, with the furniture and contents, to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Hippisley, for life, and then to his daughters Martha and Georgina. The residue of his personal estate he leaves between his younger children. He devises his house, South Lawn, with the premises adjoining, to his son Henry Edward, and his estate in the Island of Lewis to his son Clare Robert. All other his real property not included in the settlement of the Stow Easton estates, he leaves to his grandson, Richard John Bayntun Hippisley.

The will (dated March 9, 1896), with a codicil (dated March 26, 1897), of Mr. Josiah Yeomans Robins, J.P., of West Hill, Cublington, Warwick, who died on May 31, was proved on July 18 by Richard Child Heath and John Herbert and Major Charles Hubert Blount, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,561. The testator gives £2000, his household furniture, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Isabel Robins, and during her widowhood she is to have the use of West Hill; £7000 to his nephew John Herbert; £3000 between his nieces, Alice Clara Richmond and Mary Elizabeth Parker; £200 each to his executors; £1500 to his niece, Mary Catherine Blount; £1000 each to his nephews Godfrey and Harry Blount, and his niece Eleanor Maud Blount; and legacies to servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephew Charles Hubert Blount. He settles West Hill, subject to the interest of his wife, and the estate adjoining on his nephew C. H. Blount. All other his real estate he leaves to his said nephew, but charged with the payment of £25 per annum to his cousin Sarah Hallam, and £100 per annum, to be reduced to £100 per annum in the event of her remarriage, to his wife, Mrs. Robins.

The will (dated April 26, 1897) of the Rev. Henry Gladwyn Jebb, F.S.A., J.P., of Firbeck Hall, Rotherham, Yorkshire, who died on April 19, was proved on July 16

by George Samuel William Jebb, the nephew, and Robert Philipps Rainsden, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,197. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emma Louisa Jebb, and £50 each to his executors. The residuum of his personal estate and the sum of £25,600 odd, being two thirds of the residuary estate of his aunt, Frances Harriett Miles, over which he has a power of appointment, he gives and appoints as to £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Emma Dorothy Jebb; £15,000 to the trustees of the settlement of his daughter Mrs. Edith Fanny Maud Borrough, and the ultimate residuum, upon trust, for his son Henry Scrope Frescheville Jebb. He settles all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property upon his son, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated March 15, 1887), with four codicils, two being in the French language, of Miss Anna Jane Lucy West, of The Avenue Dufau, Pau, who died at Pau on Feb. 21, 1898, pursuant to an order made by the Court of Probate on June 20, was proved on July 15 by M. B. Herbert, now the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £46,980 7s. 5d. The will and codicils, after giving several pecuniary legacies, gifts of jewellery, and making provision for an old family nurse, leaves the rest of the testatrix's real and personal estate to her friend, Mrs. Masterman Williams, of Place Gramont, Pau, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1898), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1898), of Mr. Henry Rose, F.R.G.S., of 7, Phillimore Gardens, Earl's Court, and formerly of 20, St. George Street, Westminster, who died on June 23, was proved on July 16 by John William Rose, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £45,597. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Hospital for Children with Hip Diseases (Sevenoaks); £50 each to the Rose Fund of the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Westminster Female Refuge, St. John's Foundation Schools (Leatherhead), the Samaritan Fund of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the Great Western Railway Widows' and Orphans' Fund, St. Mary's Hall (Brighton), the Cottage Hospital (High Wycombe), the Benevolent Fund of the Foundling Hospital, the Home and Colonial Schools Society, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and Miss Weston's Mission to Seamen (Portsmouth); £300, the income for life of £10,000, and the use of his furniture and effects to his wife; £5000 to his son John William; and many small legacies to relatives, friends, and persons in his employ. The sum of £15,000, and at the decease of Mrs. Rose a further sum of £10,000, is to be held, upon trust, for his son for life, and then for his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1889) of Lady Caroline Augusta Ricketts, of 72, Eccleston Square, S.W., widow of Admiral Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, who died on June 3, was proved on June 19 by Henry Pelham Clinton, the nephew, and James Williamson, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,503. The testatrix bequeaths £250 to her son Frederick William Rodney Ricketts; and her furniture,

plate, lace, and jewels to her daughters Gertrude Charlotte Eleanor Ricketts, Mildred May Ricketts, Augusta Henrietta Mary Stephen, Evelyn Emma Anna Maria Ricketts, and Constance Charlotte Rose Ratcliffe. The residue of her property she leaves between all her children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated June 20, 1896) of Mr. William Charles Lucy, of 11, Campden Hill Square, and formerly of Brookthorpe, Gloucester, who died on May 11, was proved on July 19 by William Charles Lucy, the son, John Hammond Morgan, and Alfred William Jacques, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,788. The testator gives £3000 and his portrait, painted by the Hon. John Collier and presented to him by his friends in the city and county of Gloucester, to his son William Charles Lucy; £1000 to his son Walter Arthur Lucy; £500 each to his son Frederick Henry Lucy and his daughter, Mrs. Edith Adelaide Payne; and his furniture, jewels, and plate to his daughter Ellen Frances Lucy. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Ellen Frances. The late Mr. Lucy states that he has already made provision for his daughters, Mrs. Fellowes, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Payne.

The will of General Sir David Scott Dodgson, K.C.B., of 22, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, who died on May 26, was proved on July 21 by Gerald Colville Dodgson, the son and executor, the value of the estate being £4939.

The will of Mr. John Taylor, of New Crescent, Newchurch, Lancashire, who died on June 25, was proved on July 21 by Ashworth Law and Henry Taylor and Thomas Taylor, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £4249.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The religious gathering known as the Keswick Convention has been this year very largely attended. Among those present were Prince and Princess Bernadotte. The Princess speaks capital English. An Indian lady, the Pandita Ramabai, also spoke. She was dressed in native costume.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who is a High Churchman and a scholar of recognised ability, has written a letter to his clergy on public worship. He points out that week after week the Holy Communion is celebrated in many churches without communicants, and that the officiating clergy do not desire communicants. He calls attention to the rubric which requires that at least three communicants should partake with the priest, and he adds: "If ever you find that such a number of communicants is not forthcoming, not once perhaps, but several times, you may be sure that you are advancing too fast for loyalty to the Church of England. The rule is a positive one, and I feel that I have no right to give you a dispensation from it." The Bishop protests with equal strength against the reservation of the Sacrament. "It is," he writes, "not only contrary to the law of the Church of England, but contrary to the

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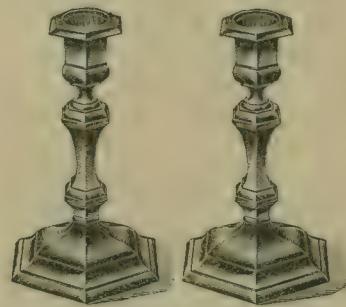
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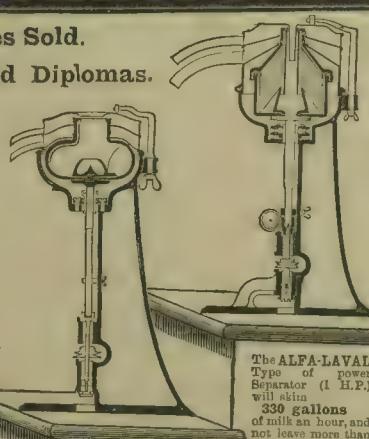
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principles of Christian worship as already laid down, to observe the Sacrament for the purposes of isolated worship either by those who casually enter a church and see a light burning before the Pyx or Tabernacle or in a special service of Benediction." This is in a very different style from the deliverance of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and it will be curious to see what its effects are.

Mr. Konsit in the *Record* defends his cartoons. He says they are not coarse, but merely plain pictorial illustrations of the present position, and that very many clergy have seen no harm in them.

It is said that Father Dolling has begun his work at St. Saviour's with a comparatively moderate ritual.

There is no official confirmation of the statement that the Government have definitely abandoned their scheme for establishing a Roman Catholic University for Ireland.

The death is announced at an advanced age of the Rev. Edward White. Mr. White was for many years a Congregationalist minister at Kentish Town, and exercised great influence through his writings. In private he was brilliant, witty, and genial. His interest in literature was

very keen, and as a boy he knew Robert Browning, who attended the same chapel at Walworth. Mr. White's son is the distinguished publicist, Mr. Arnold White.

The venerable Bishop of Liverpool, who has gone to Lowestoft for a holiday, is said to be in excellent health.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference has gone in very heartily for Mr. R. W. Perks's scheme of raising 1,000,000 guineas for the purposes of Wesleyan Methodism. What is more surprising, there is practical agreement as to the way in which the money should be spent. Should the scheme turn out successful, of which there is little doubt, a great impetus will be given to the work of Methodism in England.

The Church Congress Evangelical Committee are busy with their arrangements, and are to have a meeting to deal with the present crisis in the Church. It is hoped that Sir John Kennaway, M.P., may be able to preside, and that the Rev. Dr. Wace, the Rev. Dr. Moule, and Mr. W. P. Cruddas, M.P., may be among the speakers.

The Rev. Richard Glover, the well-known Vicar of St. Luke's, West Holloway, has been presented by Mr. W. J. Evelyn to the Rectory of Wootton. V.

MUSIC.

The opera season, then, is over, and though, after the tremendous efforts that attended the Wagnerian productions, there was an inclination, doubtless generally felt both by management and audience, to let things go on in a happy-go-lucky fashion—it is ever this way at the end of the season—still there has been much, down to the very end, to attract and to amuse. In the last week somewhat more honour than usual was done to Mozart, for not only was the "Nozze" produced for the second time, but "Don Giovanni" was also given for the first and only time this season. The "Nozze" performance is now, of course, familiar enough, Eames, as ever, being a superb Countess and Nordica quite a delightful Susanna. Edouard de Reszke was, on this occasion, able to take the part of the Count, and his interpretation was eminently satisfactory; while Mr. Randegger conducted as limply and as poorly as ever.

The performance of "Don Giovanni" was in some respects delightful, in others disgraceful. It was for the most part sung with great distinction. Madame Nordica made a great popular hit as Donna Anna, and her singing throughout was applauded to the echo. M. Renaud's Don

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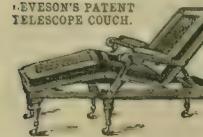


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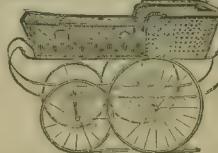
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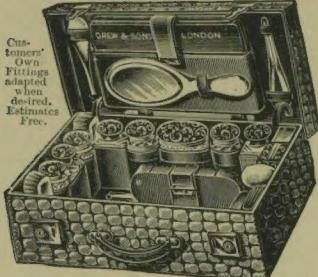


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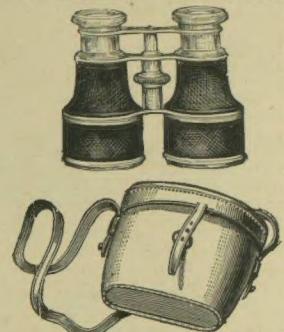


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one remembers, of course, from last year; it is a most finished, exquisite, courtly performance, full of grace, elegance, and dignity. It wants, perhaps, a certain sense of humour which should be inalienable from Mozart's Don Giovanni; but there can be no two opinions, in other respects, about either his singing or his acting. M. Edouard de Reszke's Leporello was a really fine piece of work, broadly humorous and capitally sung; while Miss de Lussan's Zerlina was charming. But—and that is a very big "but" indeed—there were many drawbacks.

Signor Mancinelli conducted, but for this work his band seemed cumbersome and heavy. It played well enough within limits, however; and in any case it was a boon to hear this noble music for the most part, at all events, finely sung. Miss Susanne Adams was the Donna Elvira, but she was *distracted*; M. Bonnard's Don Ottavio was well sung. So with performance following performance, artist

after artist bade farewell for a time to London audiences. With the last "Lohengrin" Madame Eames appeared for the last occasion this season in the part of Elsa, and sang it as divinely and acted it as thoughtfully and as satisfactorily as ever. This artist has done capital work this season. With this performance of "Lohengrin" M. Van Dyck also made his last appearance, and in the same part Jean de Reszke had some days before done the same thing.

It is stated with confidence, nay, we have it on the best authority, that Jean de Reszke has now definitely settled to give up the interpretation of the greater Wagnerian roles and to confine himself to Lohengrin and Walther von Stolzing on that side, on the other side to go back to his lighter parts of Italian opera.

It is not necessary to say more than one word upon the season that has passed, in addition to that which

has already been said in these columns from week to week. Wagner was the idol that we worshipped, and from many points of view he was at all events fairly treated. Around him swam lesser constellations for the most part; and once or twice came artists equally entitled with Wagner to consideration, whom, however, Covent Garden insisted upon our treating as if they were creatures less great. Melba, Calvé, Nordica, and Eames have been the four chief prime donne; while Marie Brema has done such superb work as must not be allowed to pass without comment. An opera season in London is always a matter of keen interest; but we are inclined to think that the season just past will, in the light of future arrangements, have a historical ring about it that will give ample scope to the constitutional grumbler whose pose it is never to have sympathy with the present; and we shall have a sneaking kindness, in this instance, for that constitutional grumbler.

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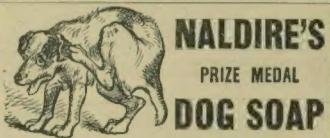
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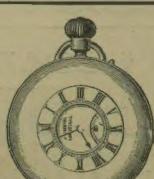
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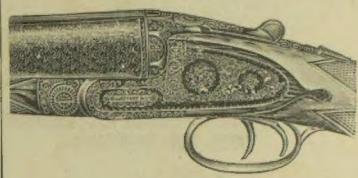
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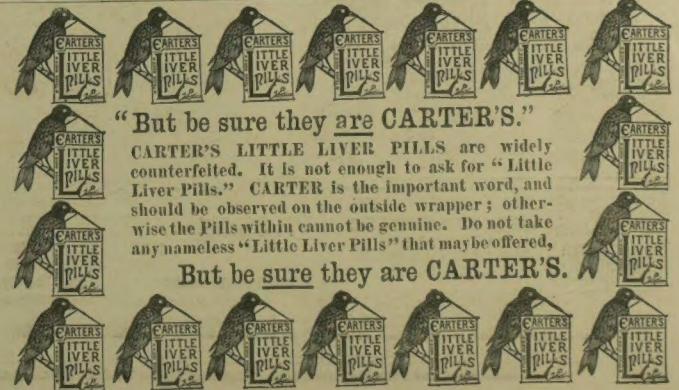
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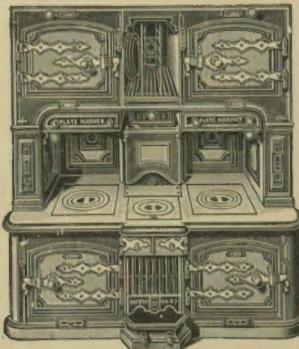
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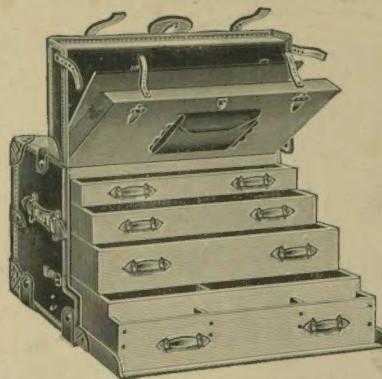
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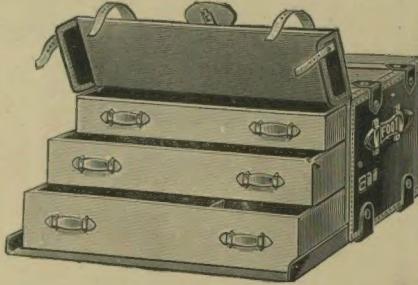


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